

GOLD
KEY

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

80 PAGES 25c

Huckleberry Hound

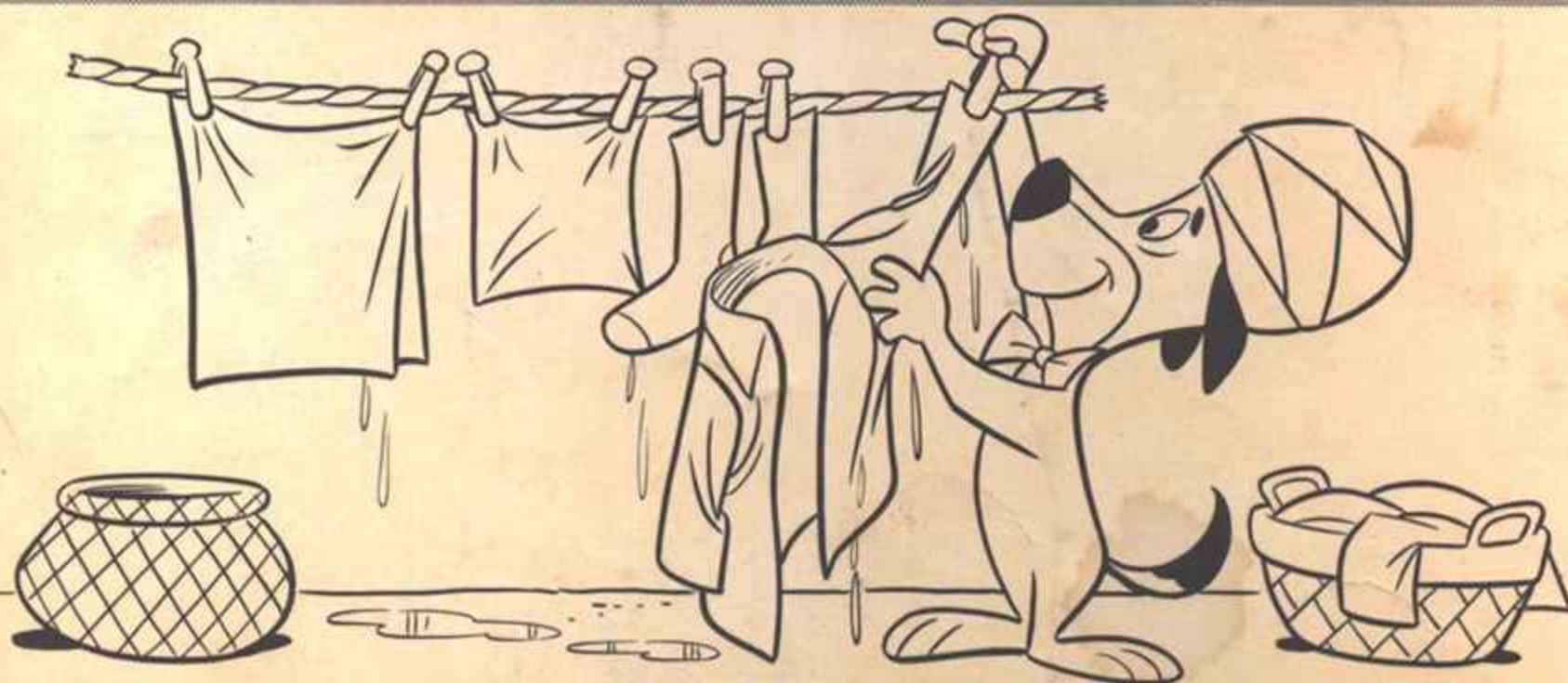
CHUCKLEBERRY TALES



by HANNA-BARBERA

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JANUARY

A
Huckleberry
Chuckleberry

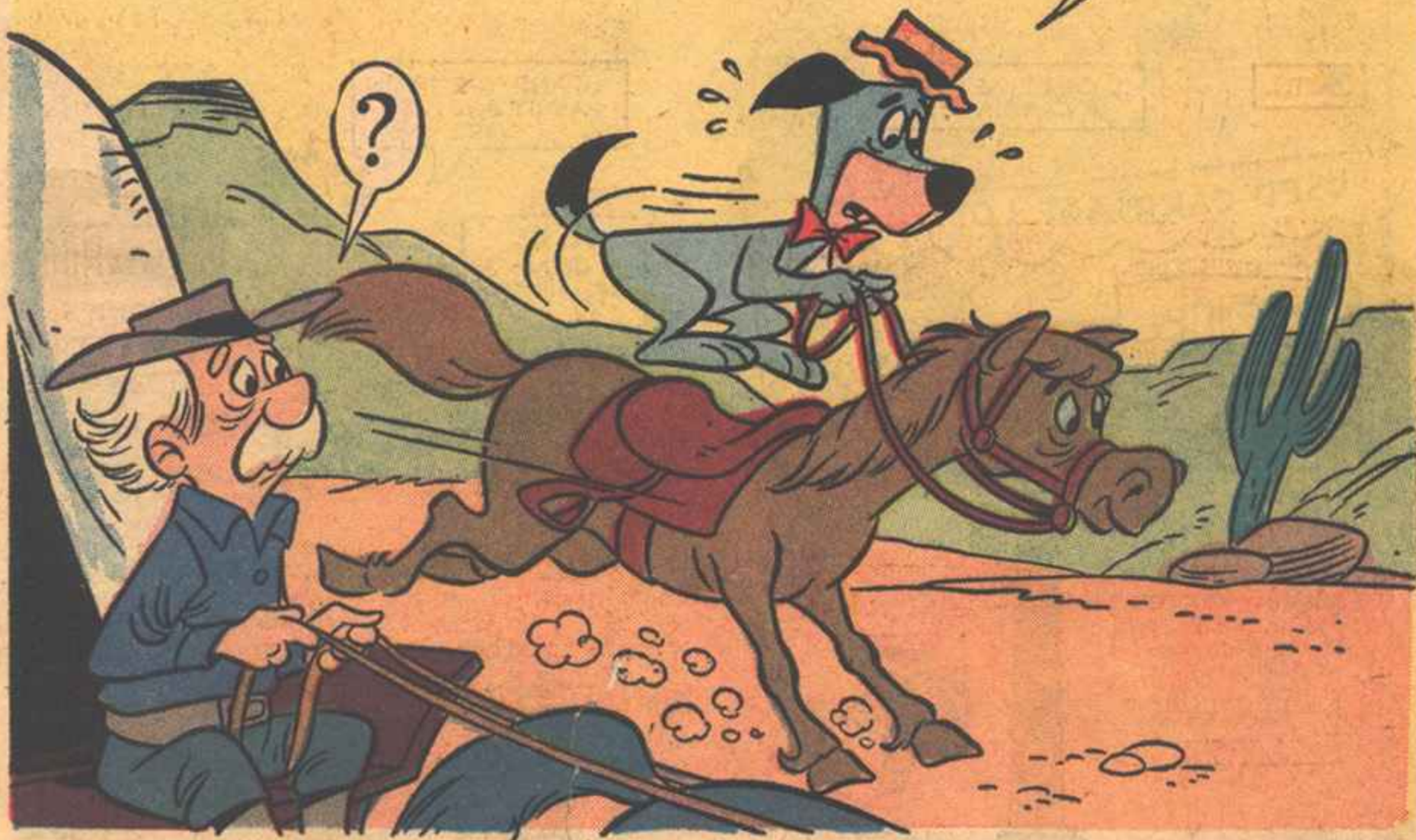


Hanna-Barbera

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND CHUCKLEBERRY TALES

MOST NOTICEABLE IN THE
WESTWARD MOVEMENT
WAS THE TENDERFOOT...

OWW! PARDON ME...
OOP! 'SCUSE ME...
UGH! BEG YOUR
COTTON-PICKIN'
PARDON!



SAY, TENDERFOOT... WHO ARE
YOU APOLOGIZING TO?

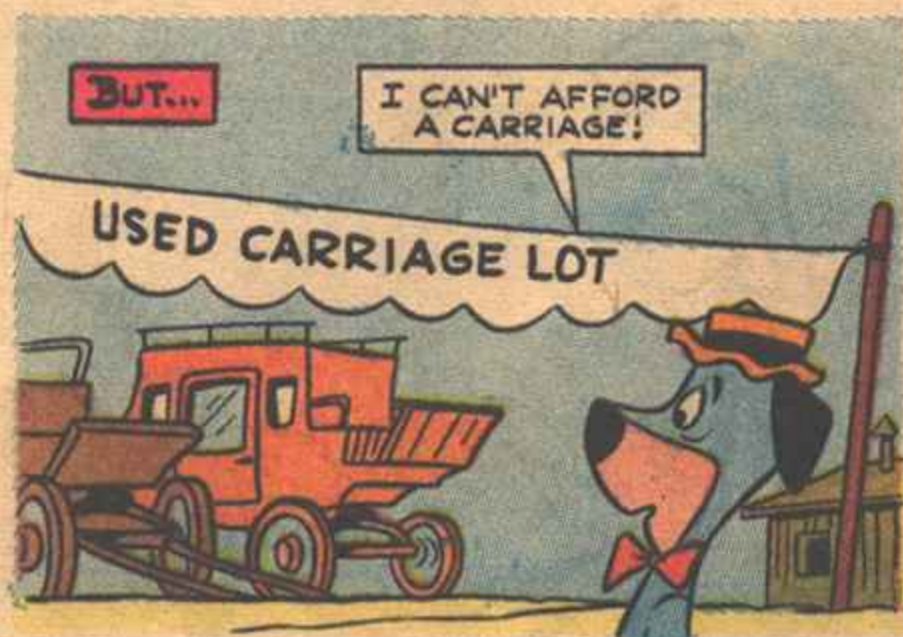
WHY, THE HORSE,
OF COURSE!



IT'D BE RUDE OF ME
TO BOUNCE SO HARD
ON HIM AND NOT...
OOH! PARDON ME!

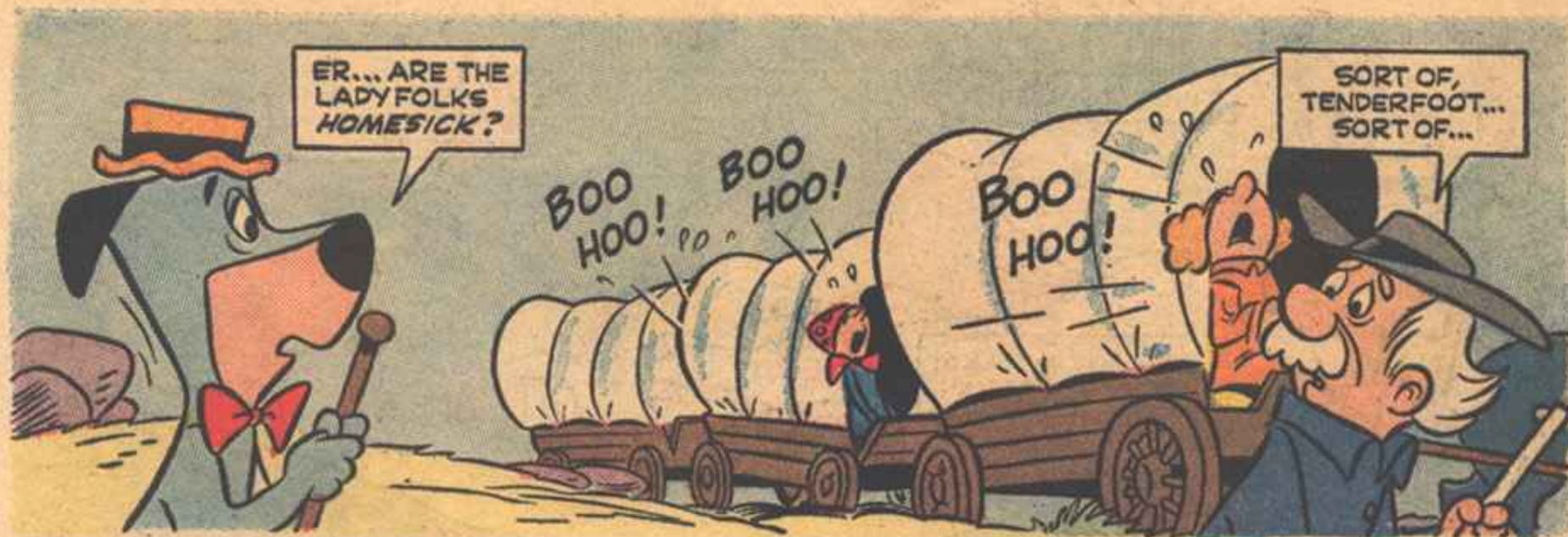


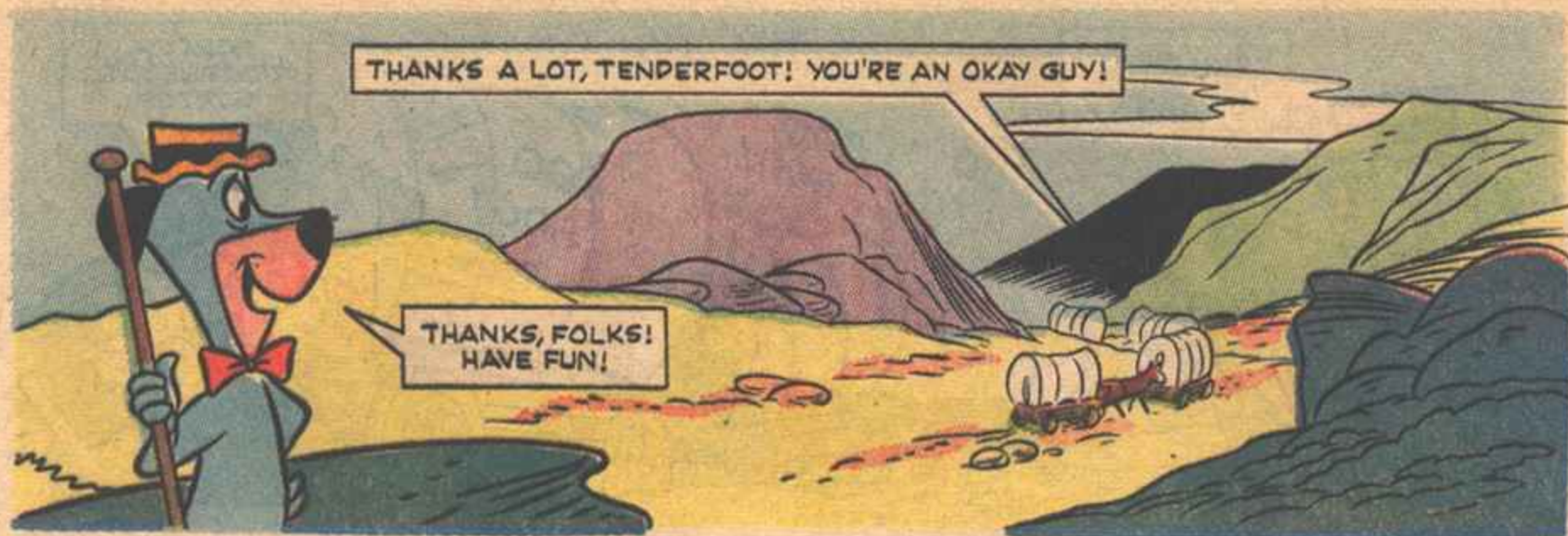
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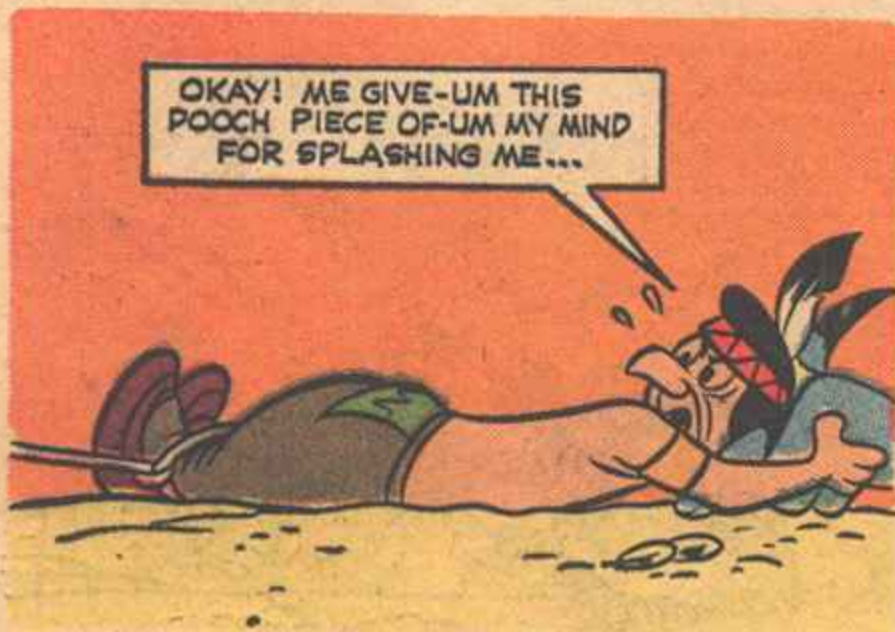
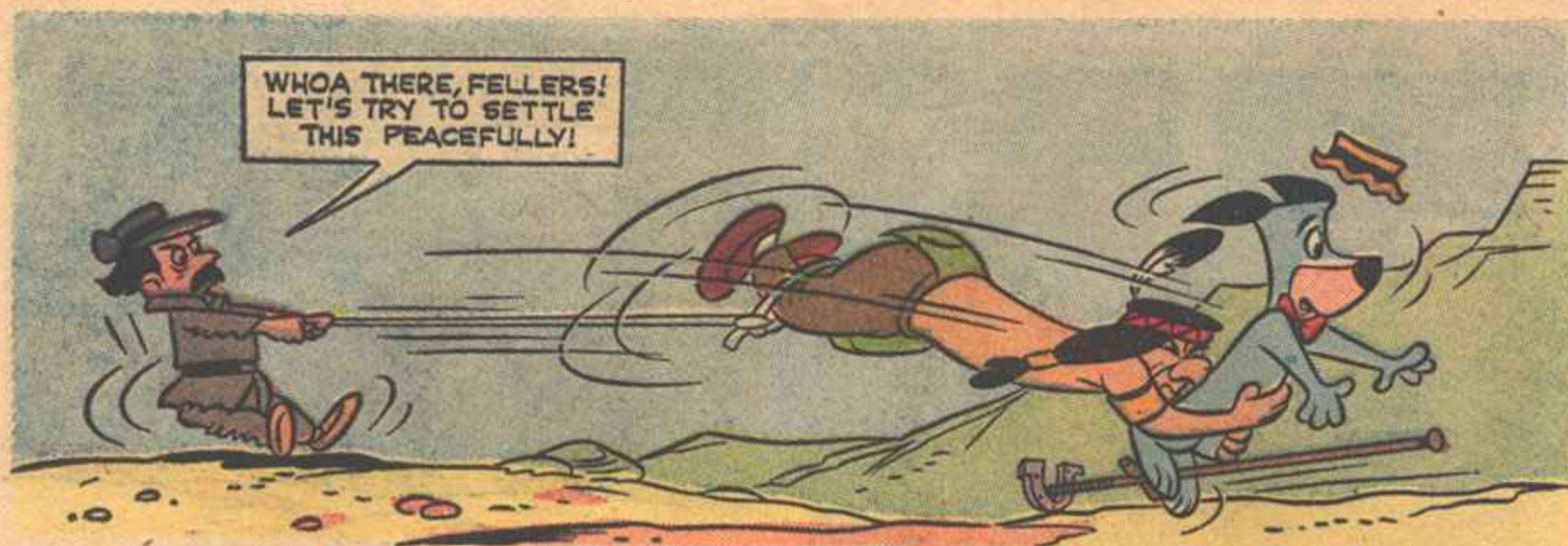










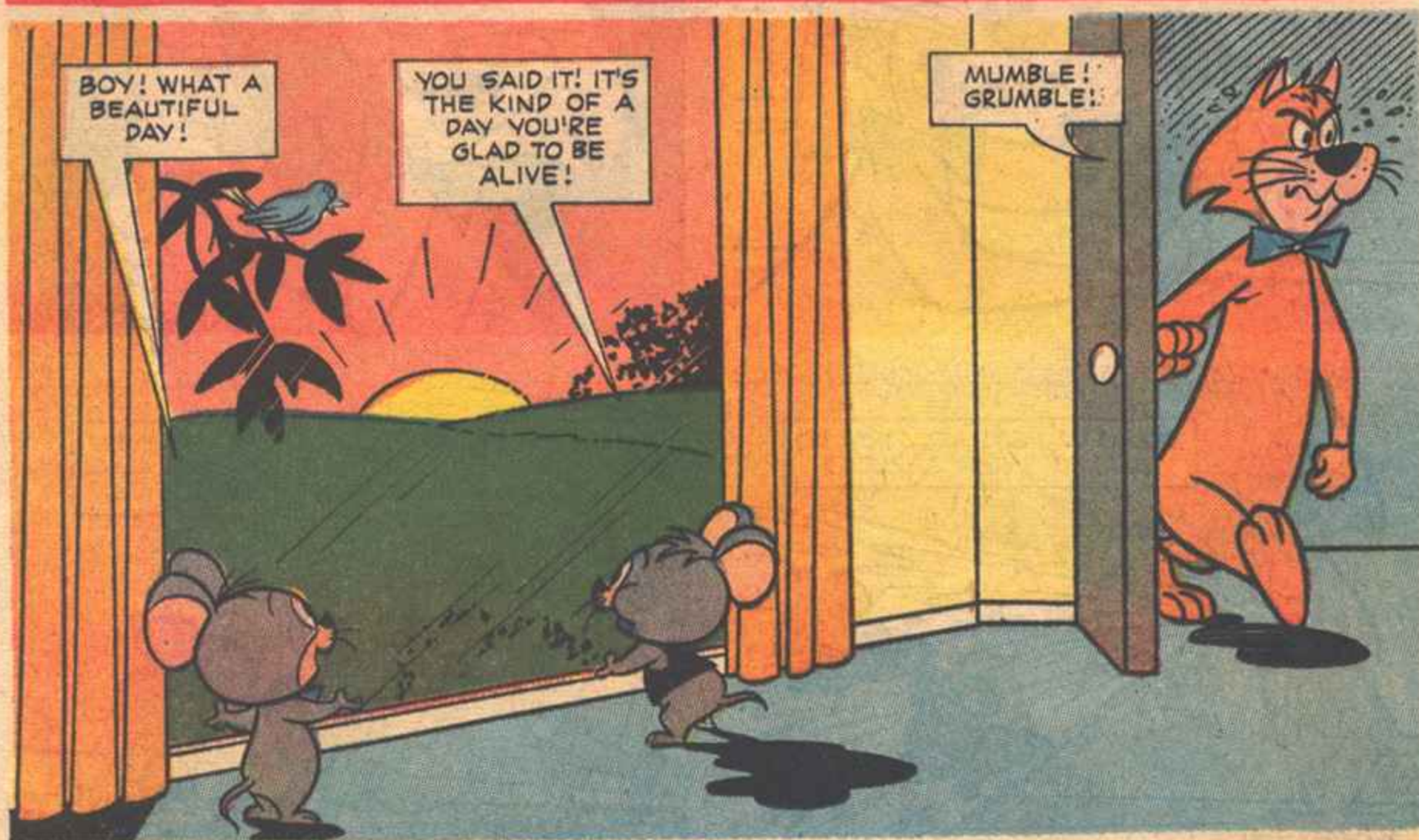




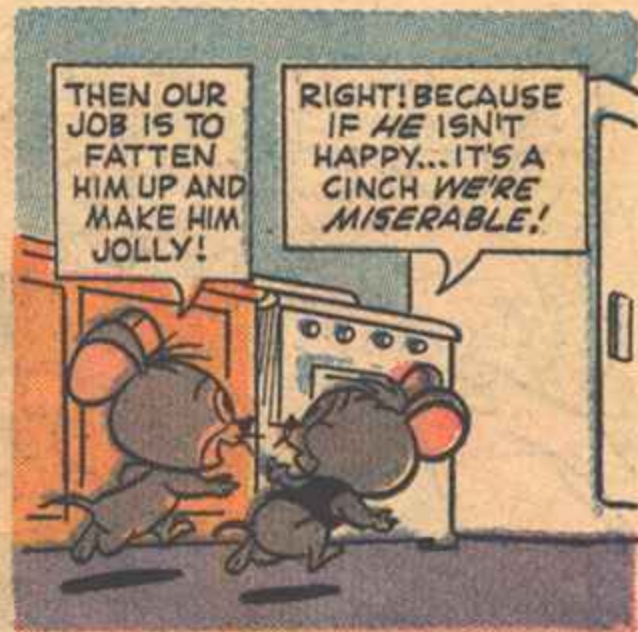
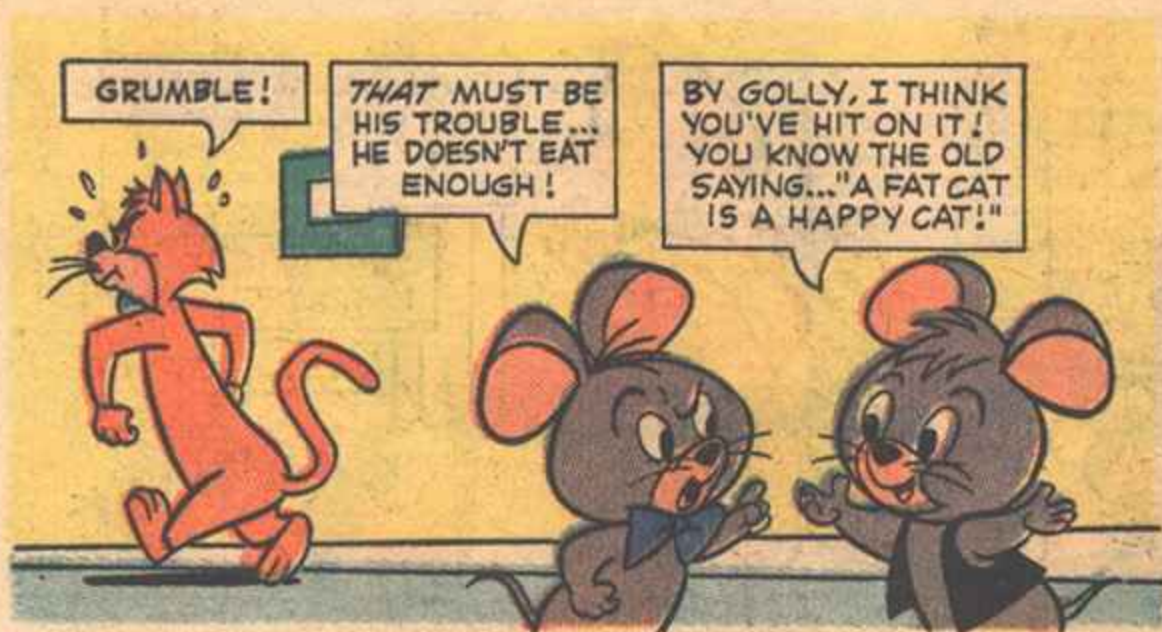


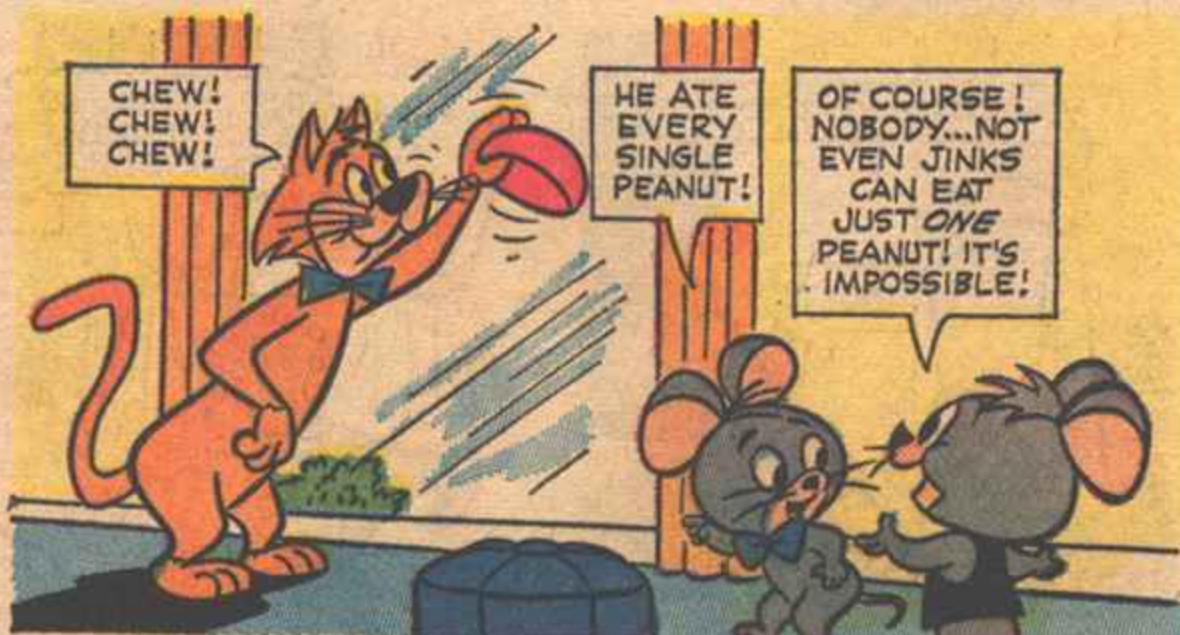
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PIXIE, DIXIE and Mr. JINKS

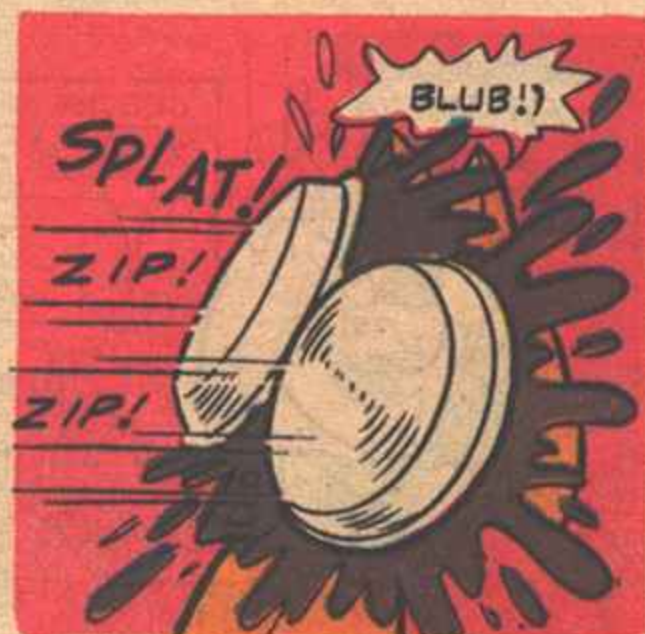
THE CHOWHOUND CAT

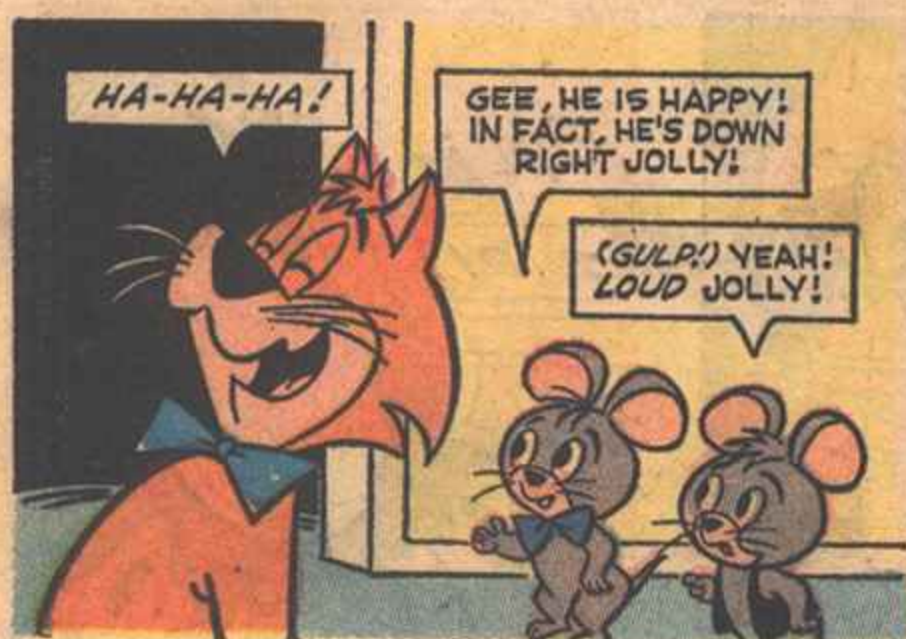




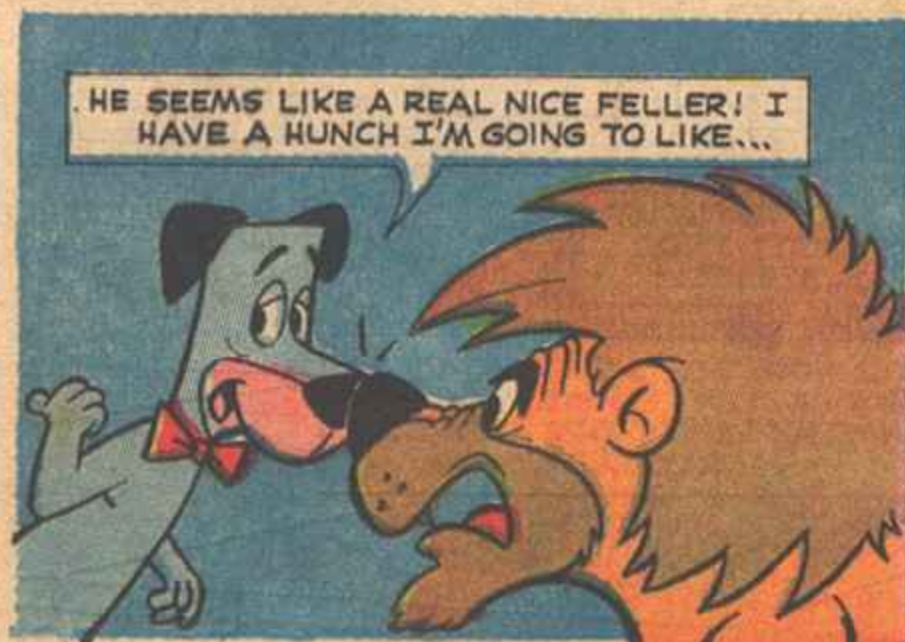




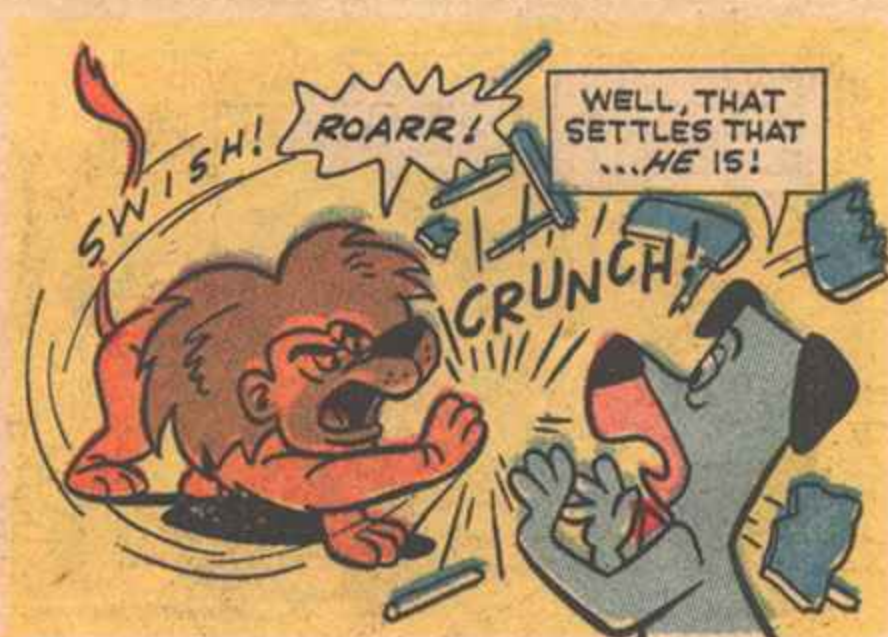


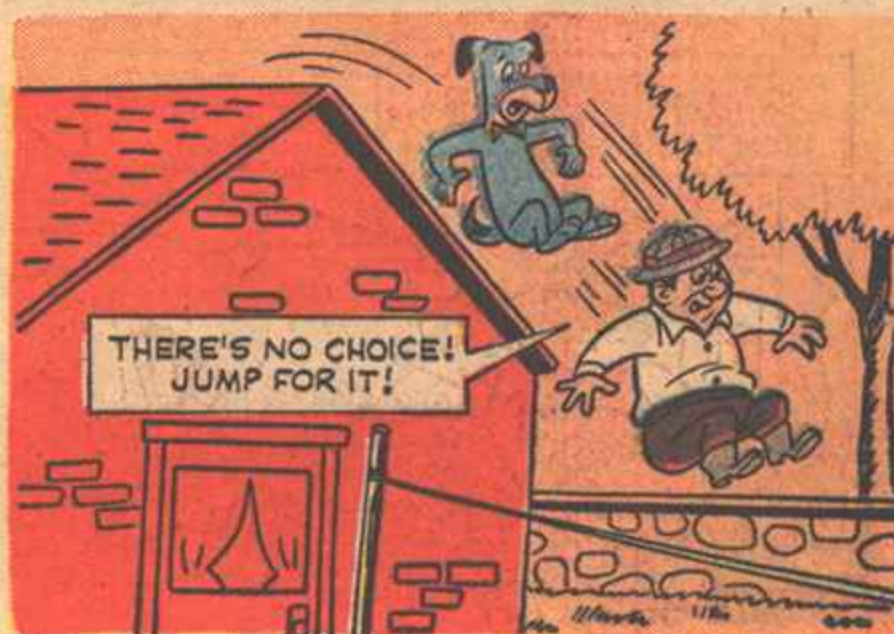




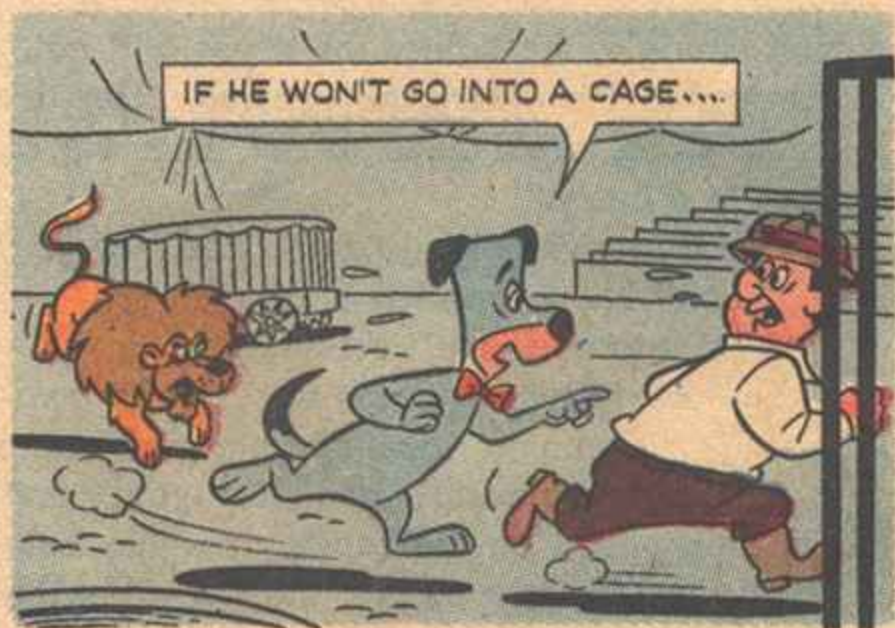
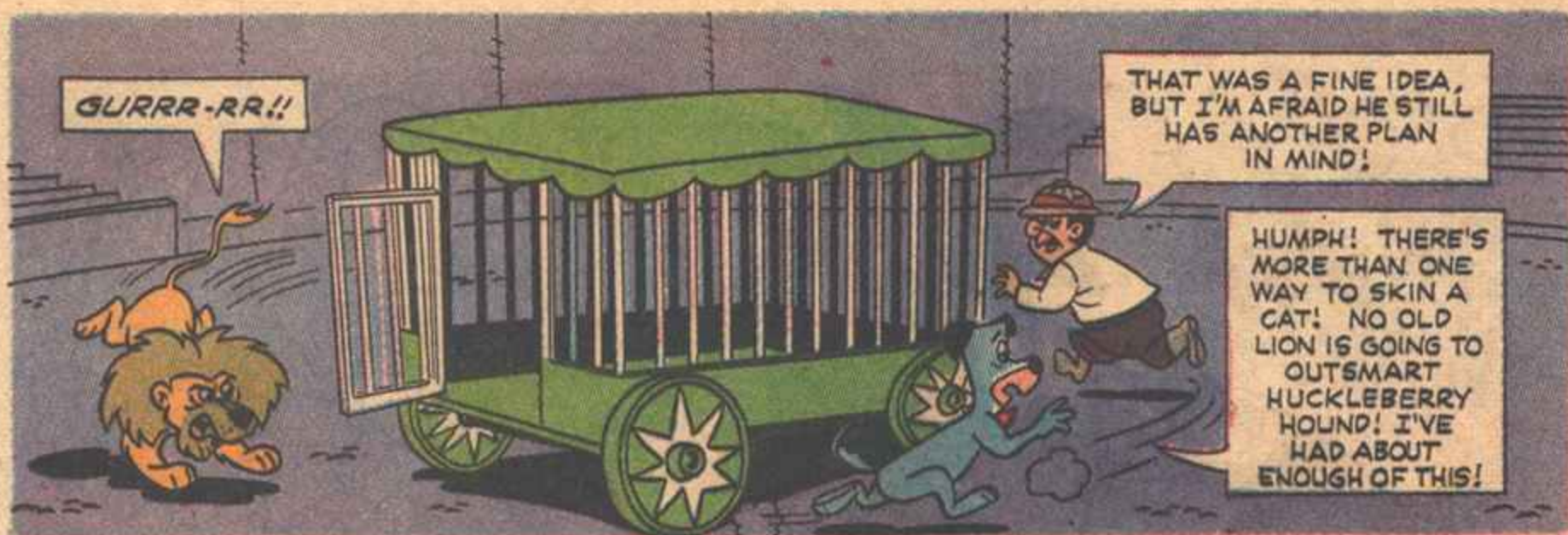




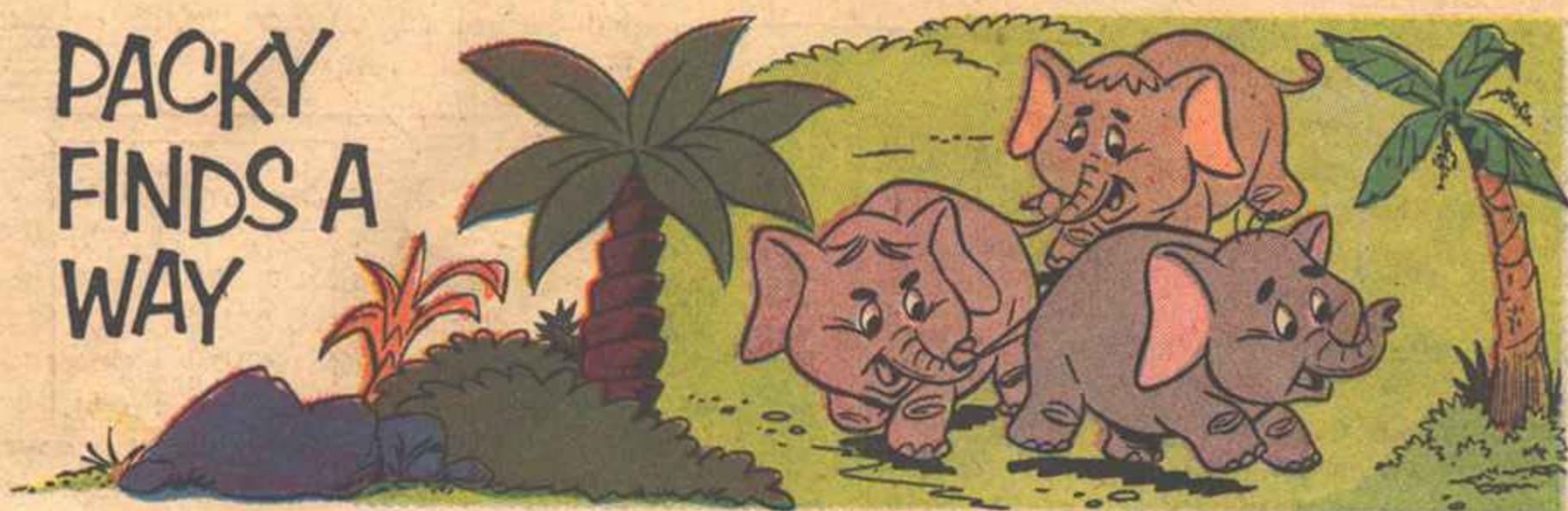








PACKY FINDS A WAY



One bright day, Packy, the forgetful little elephant, and his friends, Jumbo Jr. and Tiny, set off to play in the jungle. Their spirits were high, for to them, the world was made for just fun and frolic.

First, with trunks clutching tails, the three played ring-around-the-rosy. Then they played leapfrog and follow-the-leader. Their gay laughter and mock cries of help, as one overpowered another for a moment, rang out on the air. Mothers heard it and smiled. Fathers heard it and laughed. And three men, roaming the jungle, heard it and grinned broadly at one another.

"Sounds like what we're looking for," said one, named Spike. "Let's go see."

Cautiously and quietly the three men approached the little elephants' play area.

"They're kind of small," commented Buck.

"All the better," answered Spike. "We can really teach them to work."

"Yeah, yeah," agreed Rube.

"Okay, get ready," Spike ordered. "But wait until I say the word, before you move. We have to get them all at the same time."

The men stood in readiness watching Packy and his friends, until the young ones, laughing and breathless, stopped to rest. Then three ropes flashed out, the loops settling securely and firmly around the necks of the little elephants!

"Help!" cried the youngsters, struggling in vain against the ropes. "We're caught!" but their cries went unheeded, for their parents thought they were just shouting in play. As the three grinning men approached them, their hearts beat rapidly in fear and they tugged the harder to get free.

"Now, now," said Spike firmly, "it won't do you any good to kick up a fuss. The more

you struggle, the tighter the ropes will get." Turning to the others, he ordered, "Get the truck, Rube. We'll have to get them out of here in a hurry."

"What are we going to do?" cried Packy.

"I don't know," wailed Jumbo Jr.

"I want to go home," sobbed Tiny.

As Rube arrived with the truck, Spike commanded, "Come on now—and be quick about it, if you know what's good for you!" and the men pulled on the ropes, dragging little Packy and his friends into the truck. As the door closed with a clang, big tears rolled down their faces.

"Where are they taking us?" wailed Tiny.

"We'll never see our mothers again," sobbed Jumbo Jr.

Little Packy, sounding braver than he felt, said, "There's no use crying. We'll just have to wait and see what happens and try to find a way to escape."

The next few hours seemed like a lifetime to the poor little elephants, who were jostled and bumped as the truck traveled through the jungle. Then, at last, the vehicle stopped and the door opened wide.

"All right, out with you," ordered Spike, as the men pulled on the ropes again.

Fearfully, the little elephants left the truck and found themselves in a small lumber camp. Tied to big trees, they were fed and given water, and when night fell soon after, they were bedded down with straw. As they huddled together in misery, they listened to the talk of the men.

"Tomorrow we'll start working with them," planned Spike. "Shouldn't take too long to whip them into shape."

At that, Tiny broke into sobs.

"Ssh, Tiny," comforted Packy. "I don't think

they mean to harm us. They haven't been too unkind, so far."

"My mother said that lots of men are cruel," said Tiny. "They'll do anything."

"Well, all we can do is hope," replied Packy, holding back his own sobs. "And we'll have to stop crying and try to go to sleep. We'll need our wits about us tomorrow, if we're going to escape."

The little elephants slept fitfully, and they awoke in the morning, hoping that it was all a nightmare; but it was true—they were still tied to trees in the camp.

"Be sure to watch for a way to escape," said Packy. "If you see a chance, run, then bring help to rescue the others."

The morning started with breakfast and water, and then each elephant was led by one of the men to a spot where small logs lay scattered. There they were taught to pick up the logs and place them in neat piles. All day long, they picked up logs, carried them a short distance and stacked them up. Back and forth they went, walking the length of the hated ropes that were still around their necks, the ends tied securely to huge trees. Under the watchful eyes of the men, there was no chance to break away. When evening came, they were led back to camp and tied once more.

"It's hopeless," wailed Tiny. "We'll never be able to escape!"

Even brave little Packy agreed, and gloom settled over the captives. The next morning, they were led out to stack logs again, but this time they were taken to separate work areas, which made them feel all the more lonely and miserable.

As Packy approached the logs, he stood stock still, filled with fear—he had suddenly forgotten what he was supposed to do!

"Come on, come on," snapped Spike. "Get to work. Hup, hup! Pick up a log!" and he snapped the end of the rope, which he still held in his hand, against Packy.

Packy moved quickly, picking up a log as he was ordered.

"Not that log," Spike called out, moving in front of Packy and stooping over to wrap the end of the rope around a tree. "That log hasn't been trimmed yet."

Frightened and excited by the reprimand, Packy dropped the log. It fell directly on Spike, stunning him before he could finish tying Packy to the tree. Packy raced off through the jungle toward his home. On and on he traveled, running at top speed, fearful of being followed and recaptured. At last, out of breath, he paused to rest. As he lay there, panting, a huge elephant pushed through the tangled vines.

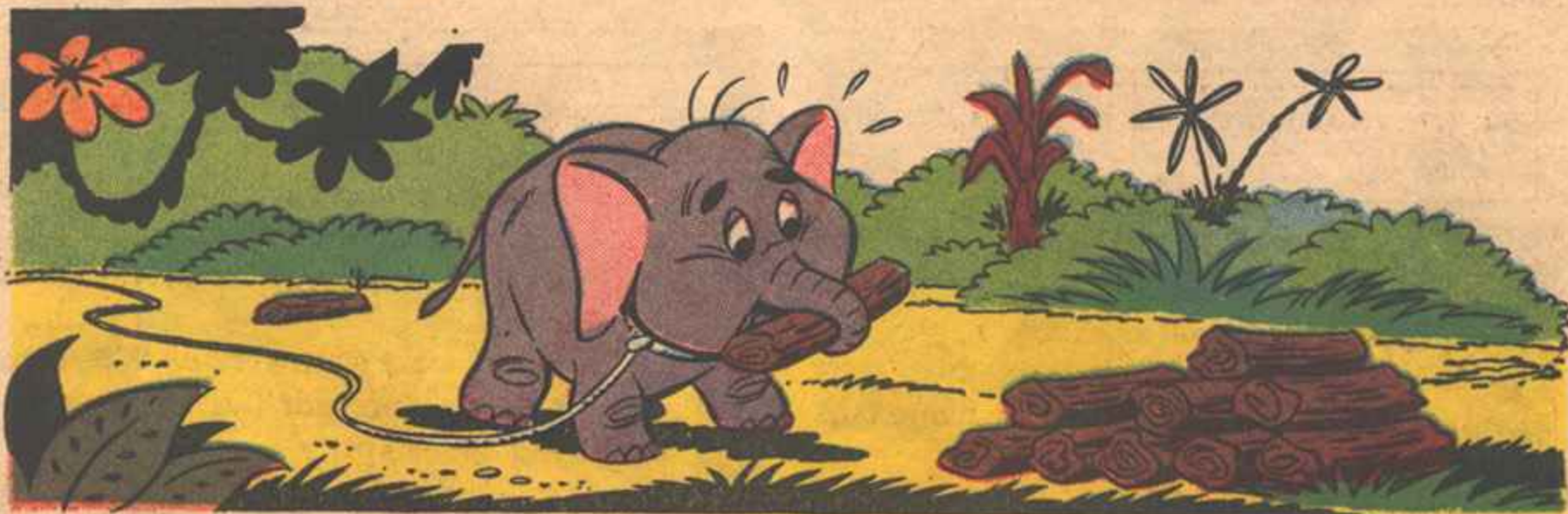
"Packy!" he trumpeted. "Where have you been? We've been searching the jungle for you and your friends."

"Father! Father!" shouted little Packy, and he burst into tears of joy.

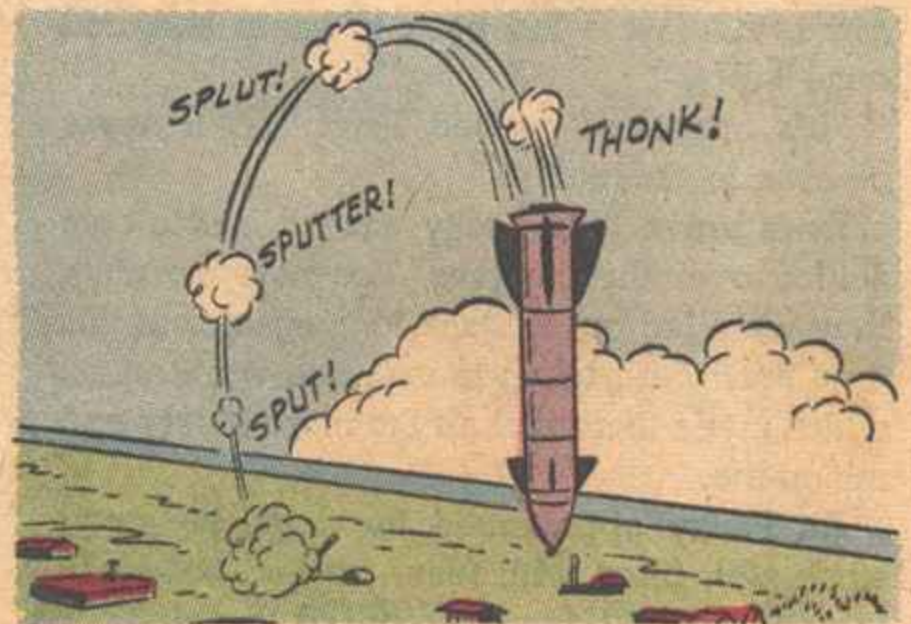
As Packy told of what had happened, his father bellowed in anger, calling other elephants to his aid. In a few moments, with Packy leading the way, the big elephants set off to rescue Tiny and Jumbo Jr. Nearing the lumber camp, they raised their voices, loud and shrill. At the sound, the three men screamed in fright, scrambled into their truck and raced away.

When all were safely back at home, Packy was honored at a feast for his bravery.

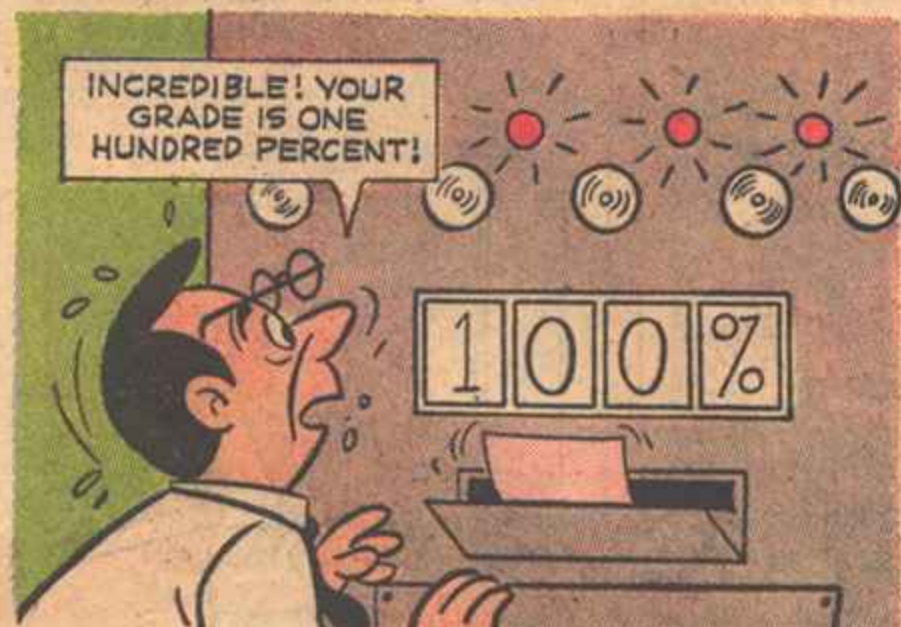
"I'm glad I forgot what I was supposed to do," he laughed. "But I'll never forget that there is always a way out of trouble, if you look for it hard enough and take advantage of situations."

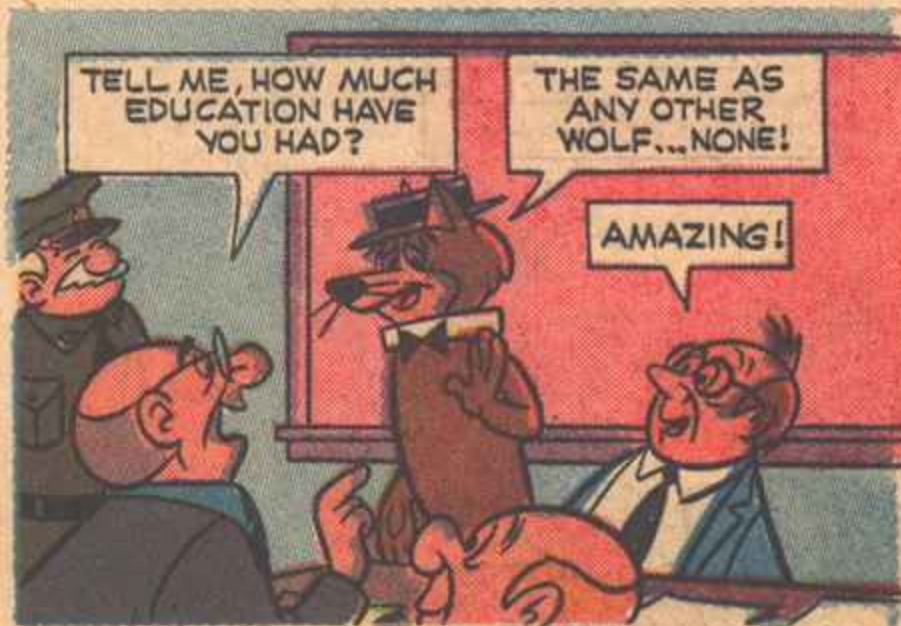


Hanna-Barbera HOKEY and DING-A-LING
A GENUINE GENIUS, HE ISN'T

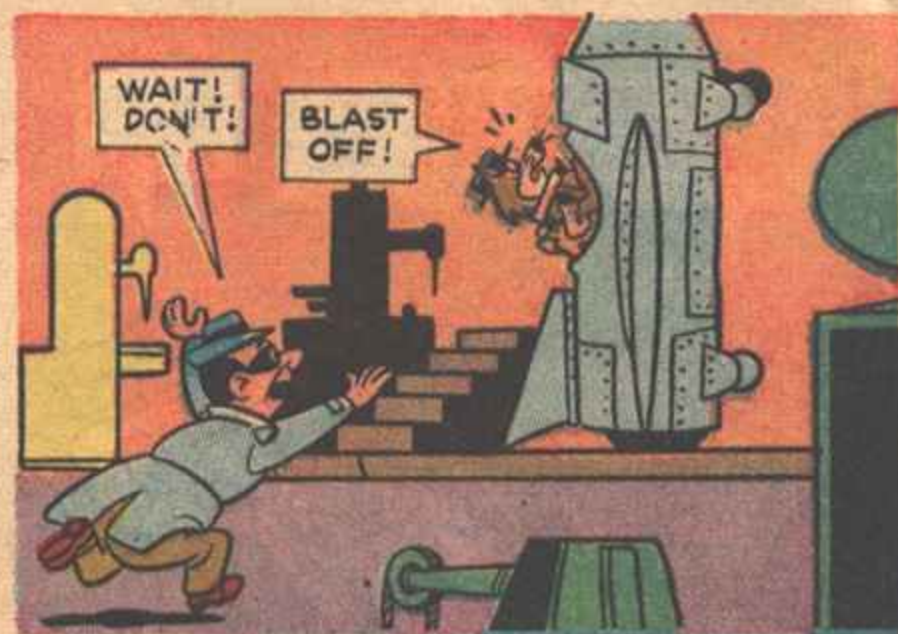


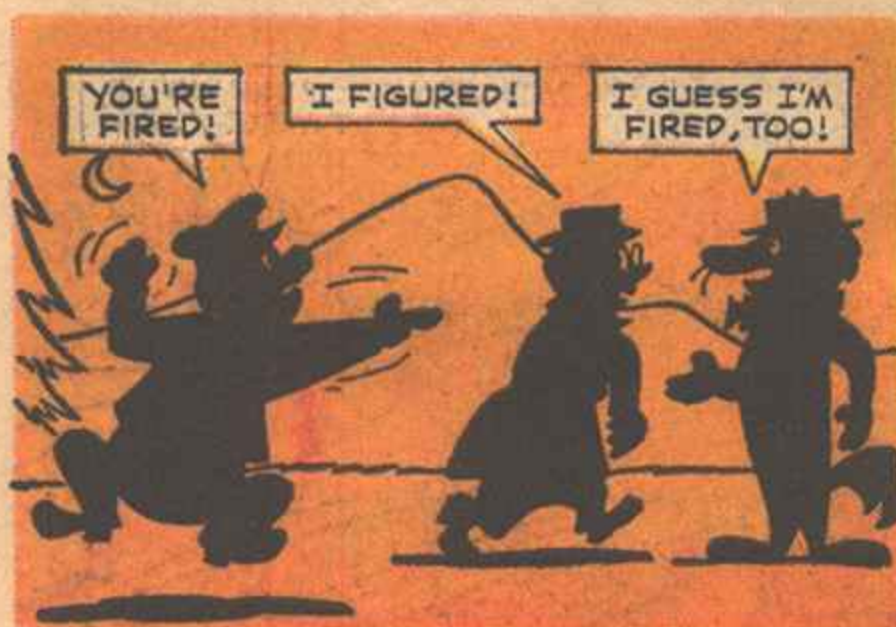






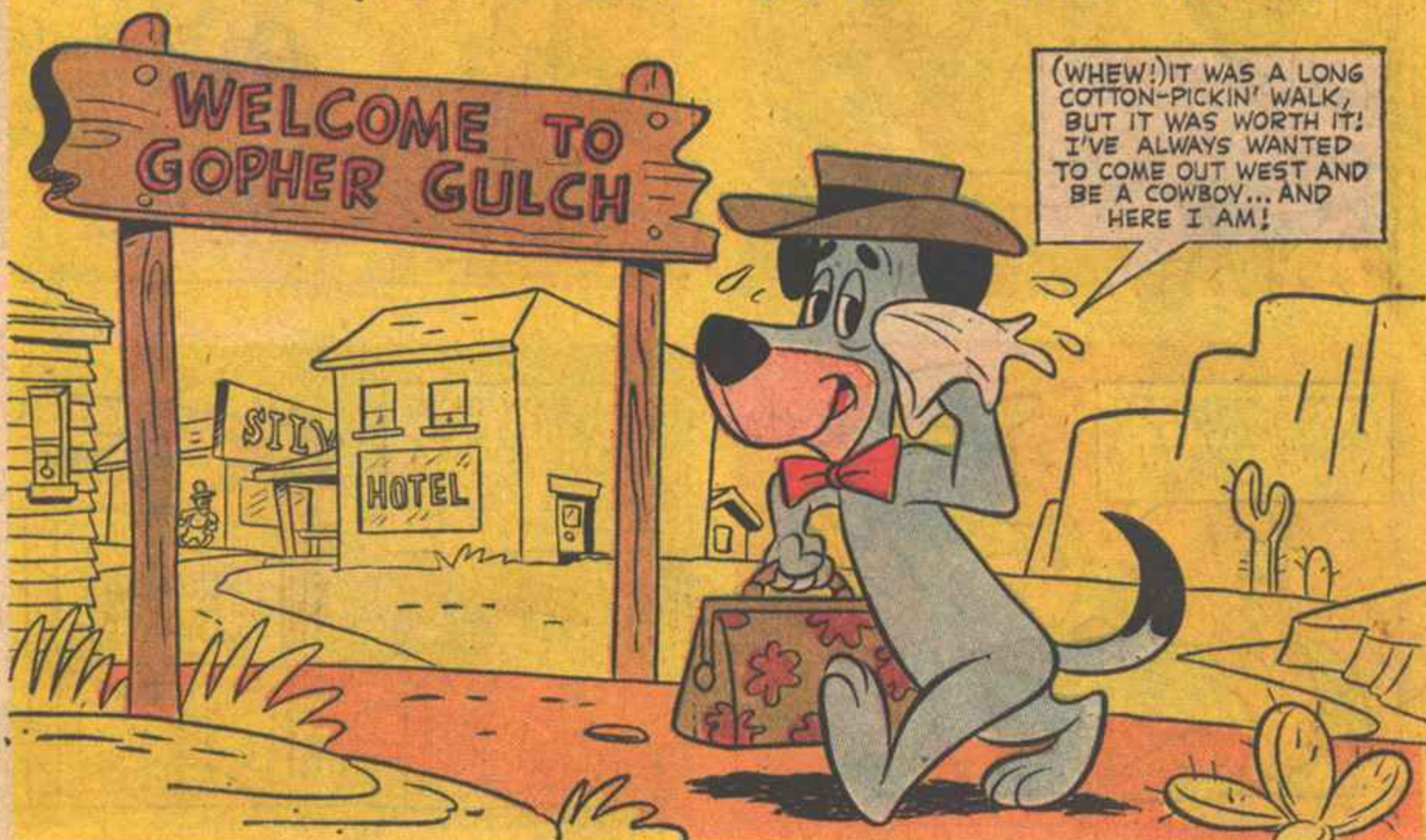




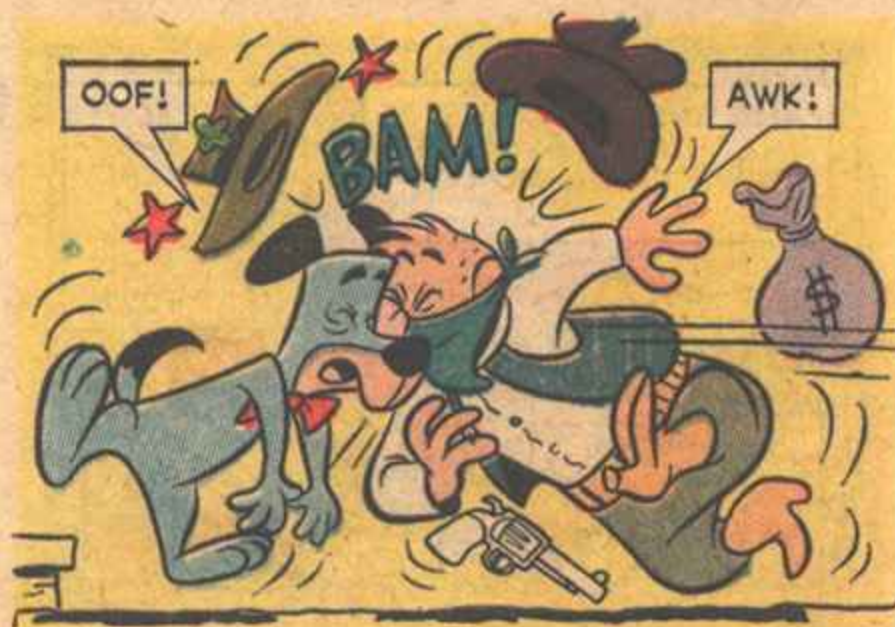
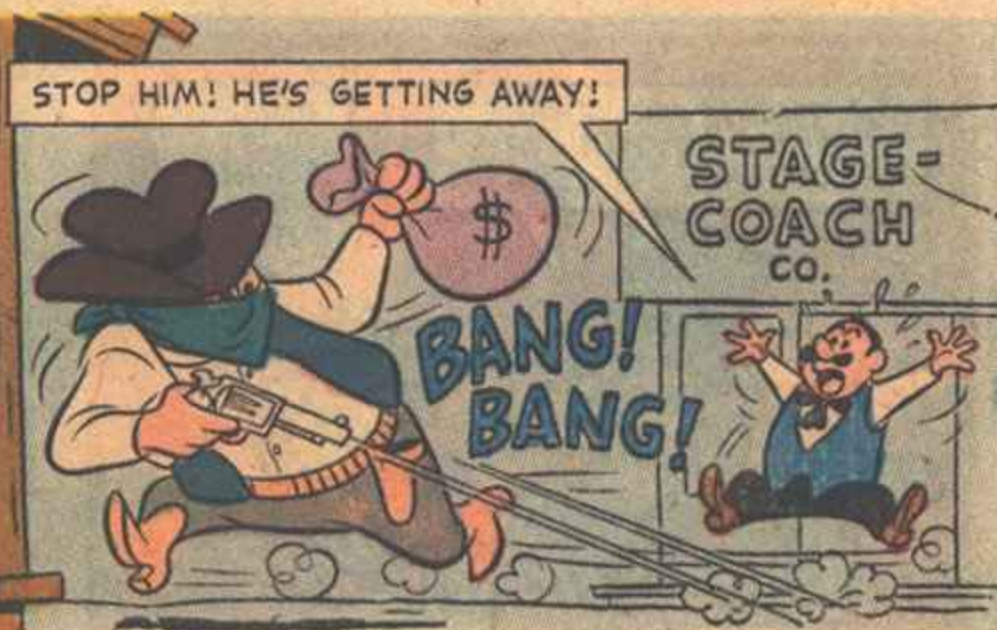


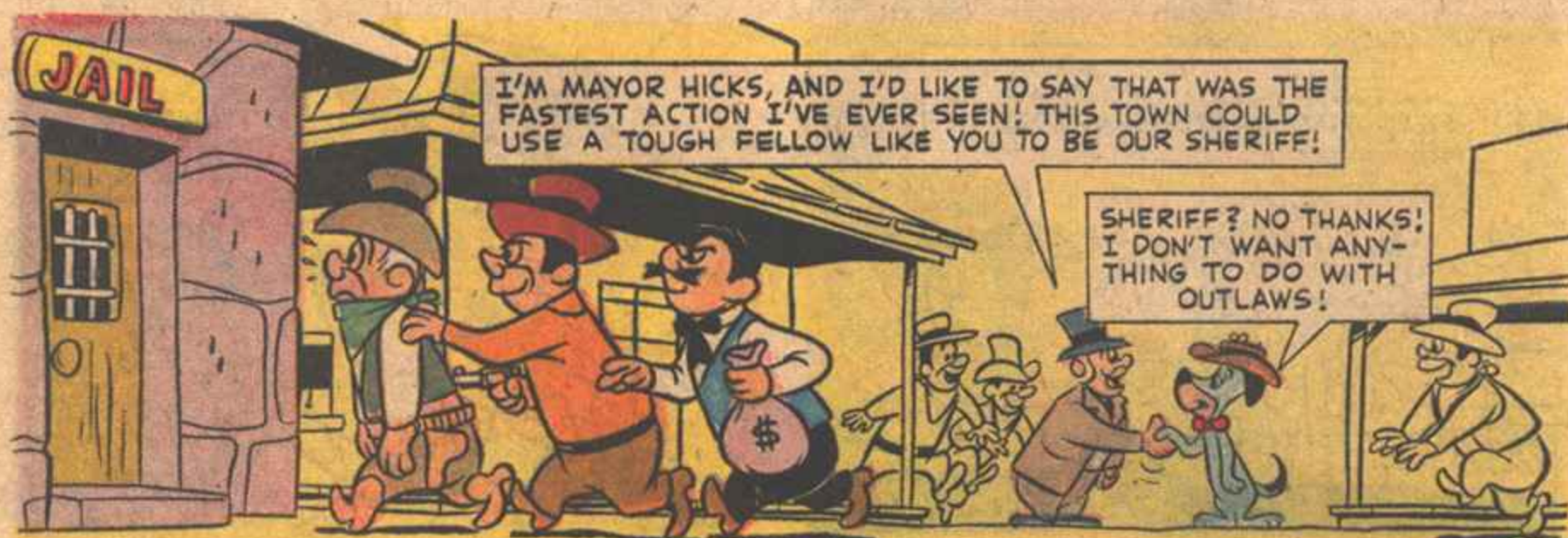
Hanna-Barbera
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

LAW AND DISORDER

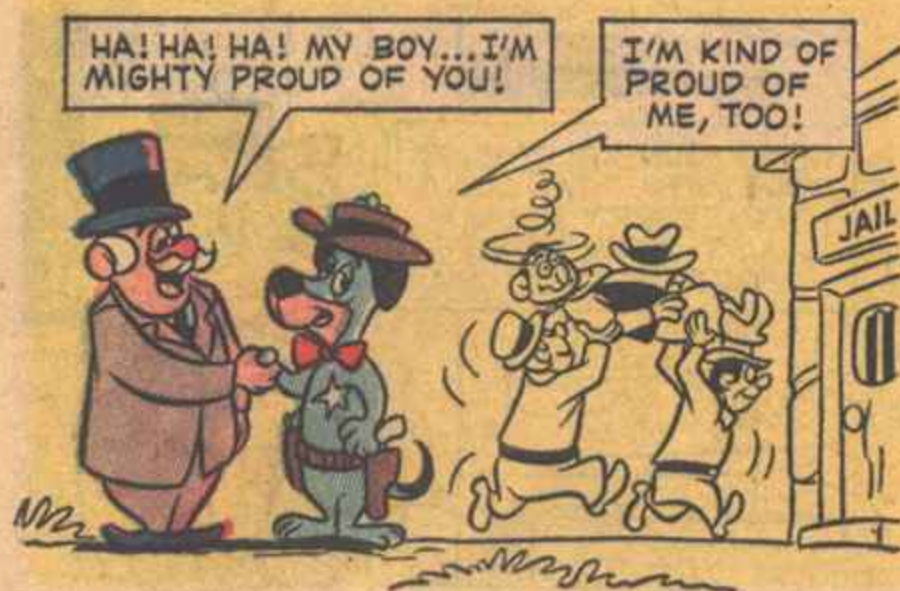








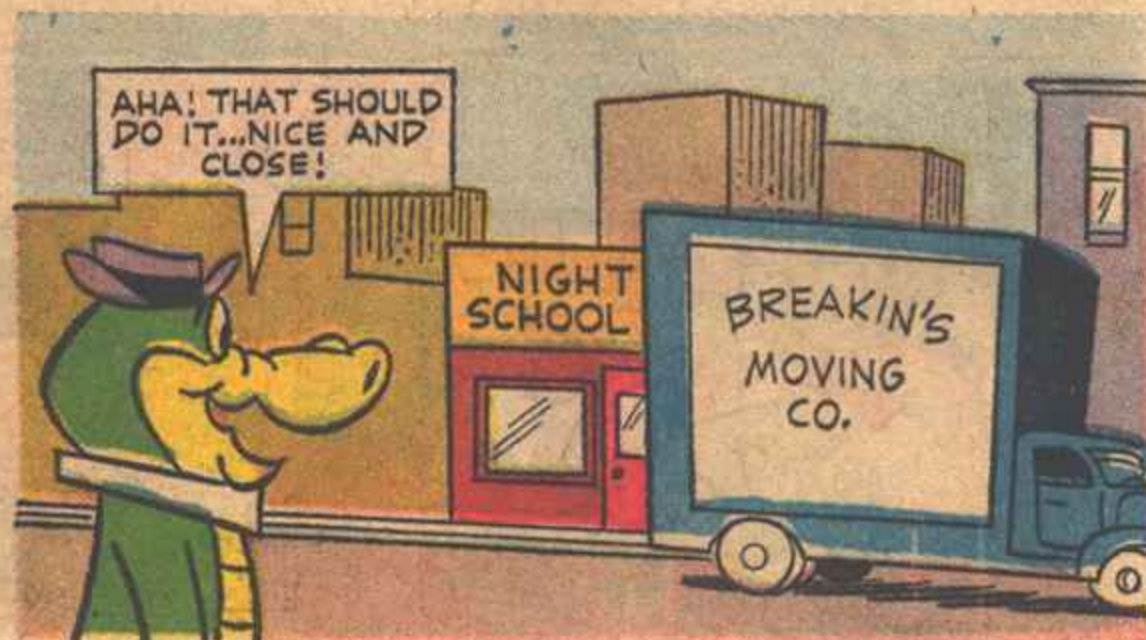
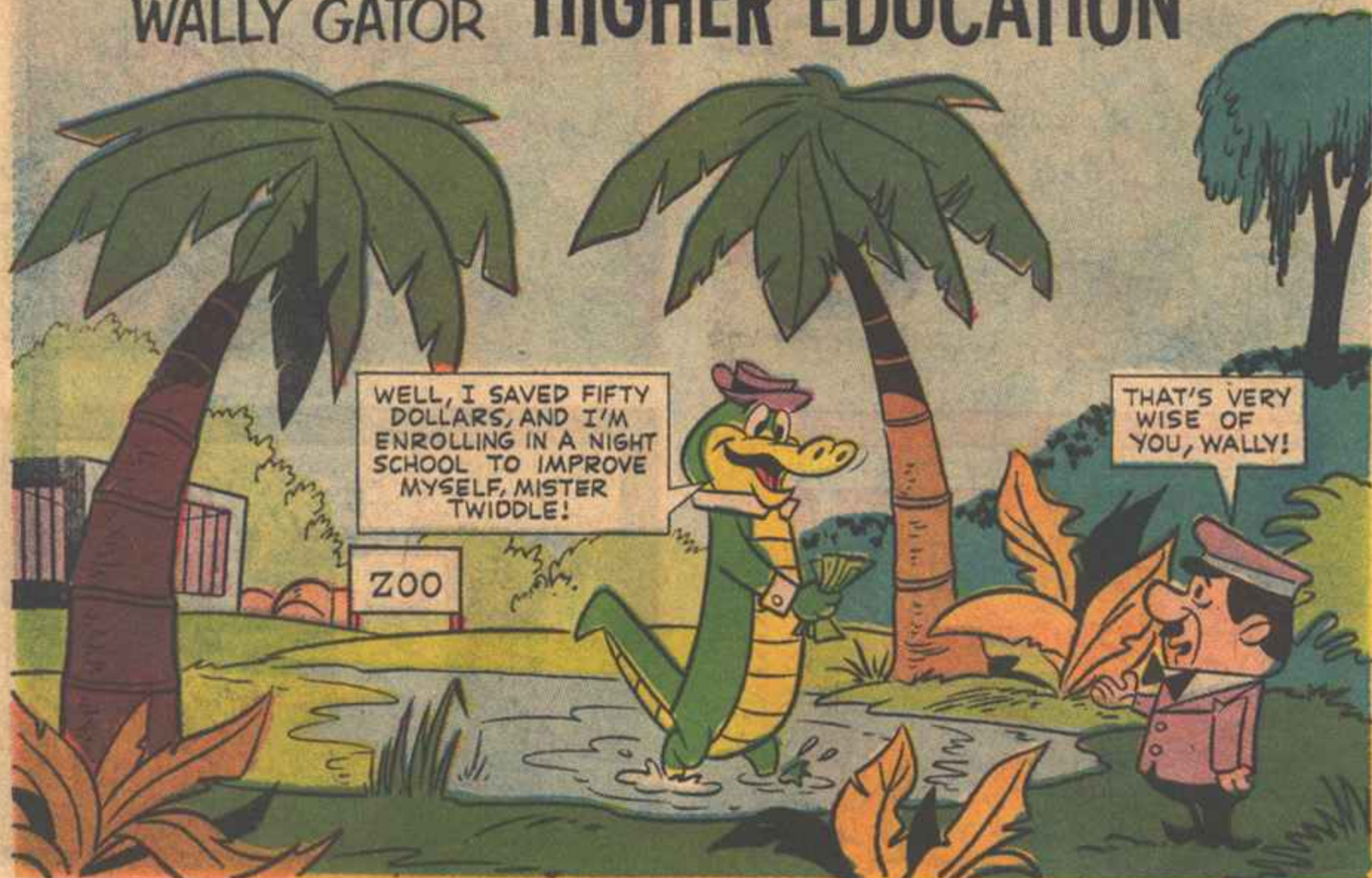






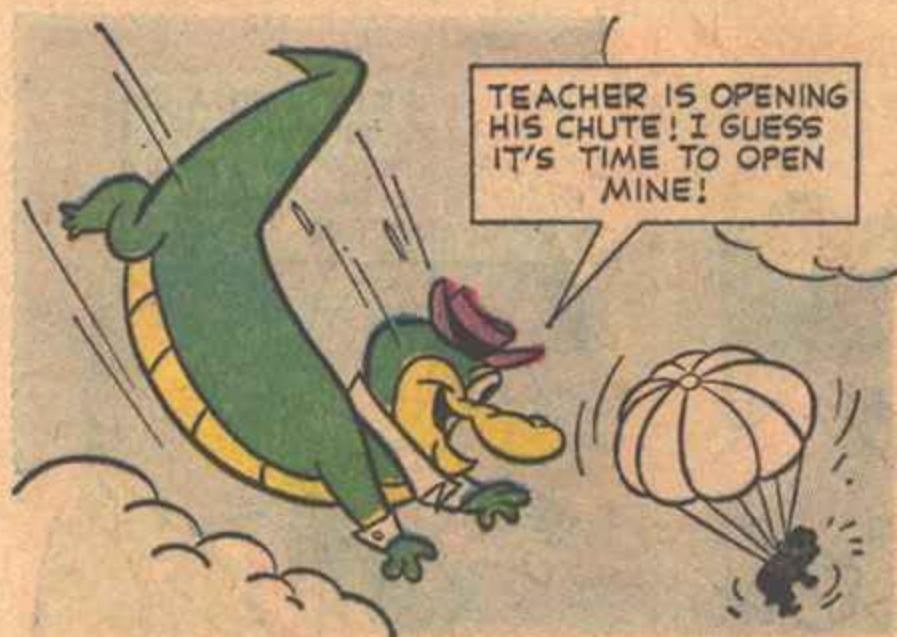
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WALLY GATOR

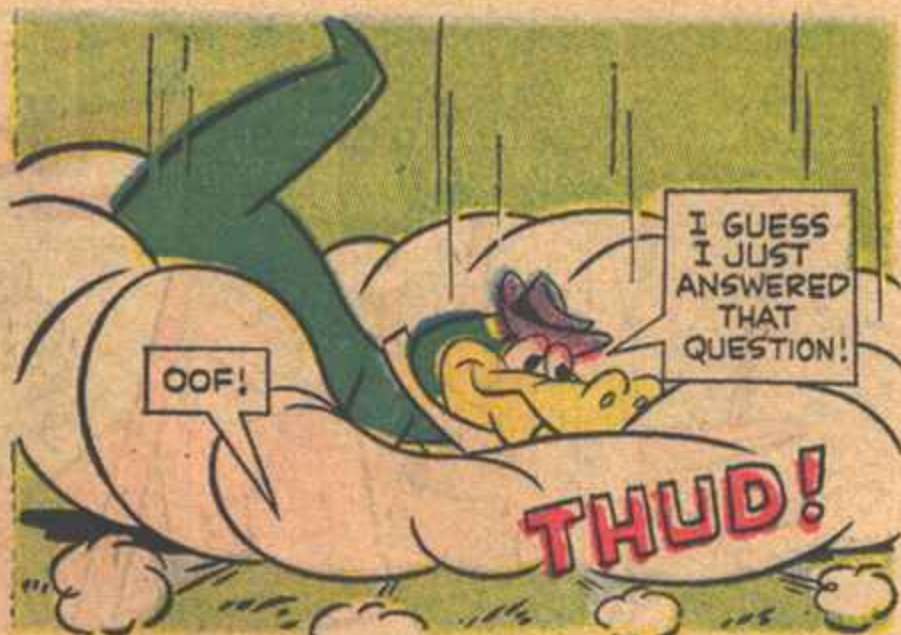
HIGHER EDUCATION













FLOATING ON A FABRIC CLOUD



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The next best thing to being a bird is to be a sky diver. That is, of course, if you want only to fly vertically. If you want to fly horizontally, you would need to take an airplane; but, if you want to fly down, a parachute is the answer.

No matter to whom history gives the credit for the invention of the parachute, it must surely have been discovered long before, when some youngster connected the four corners of his pocket handkerchief to a heavy object and tossed the gadget into the air to watch it float back to earth.

Time was when parachute jumping was a last resort—the only possibility of survival in a disabled plane. Pilots called it “bailing out,” and they never resorted to it unless there was no chance of bringing their plane down safely.

Today, however, sky diving is as popular a sport as is skin diving. There are schools where the whole family can learn sky diving. The first practice jumps are made from fairly low towers. Then, as practice makes perfect, dives are made from higher and higher structures until, at last, the long-awaited day of the jump from an airplane arrives. This is the event that brings man as close to being a bird as he will ever get, because, unlike parachute jumping, the diver soars and glides under his own power, rotating his hands to

guide his flight, and not opening his parachute until the last possibly safe moment.

As important as learning how to jump is learning how to land. After picking his landing place, the jumper can maneuver to the left or right by pulling on the cords on that side of the canopy. This lets out a little of the air on the opposite side and propels him in the correct direction.

Relaxing before landing helps to make a less rigid jolt; and just before contact with the landing spot, the jumper lifts himself a little by pulling himself up with the help of the lines. Letting the air out of the canopy immediately upon landing will prevent the jumper from being dragged.

Before this, however, there is much more to learn than just how to jump and land. One very vital item is the care and packing of the parachute, for the jumper's life depends upon its opening properly.

Parachutes not frequently used should be unpacked, aired, and dried out at least once a month. This is often done in dustproof, air-conditioned rooms, because the smallest particles of debris folded into the canopy can result in sizable tears in the fabric when the force of the wind rips through it at the moment it opens in a jump.

Parachutes often descend without human cargoes, too. Their use in dropping food, clothing, and medical supplies to areas struck by disaster has saved thousands of lives. Entire herds of cattle, also, have been saved from starvation by dropping feed when heavy blizzards have buried their grazing land. Where deep snow or flooding rivers have isolated whole communities, rescue supplies have come from the skies.

Fire fighters and their equipment are dropped into blazing mountains which are inaccessible to any other means of entry.

Troops and ammunition—to say nothing of spies—were parachuted behind enemy lines during World War II.

Doctors and nurses jump to the aid of stricken fellow-men. The paramedics who dropped into the ocean by the side of our astronaut are the most publicized examples. The horse and buggy doctor has given way to the parachuting paramedics.

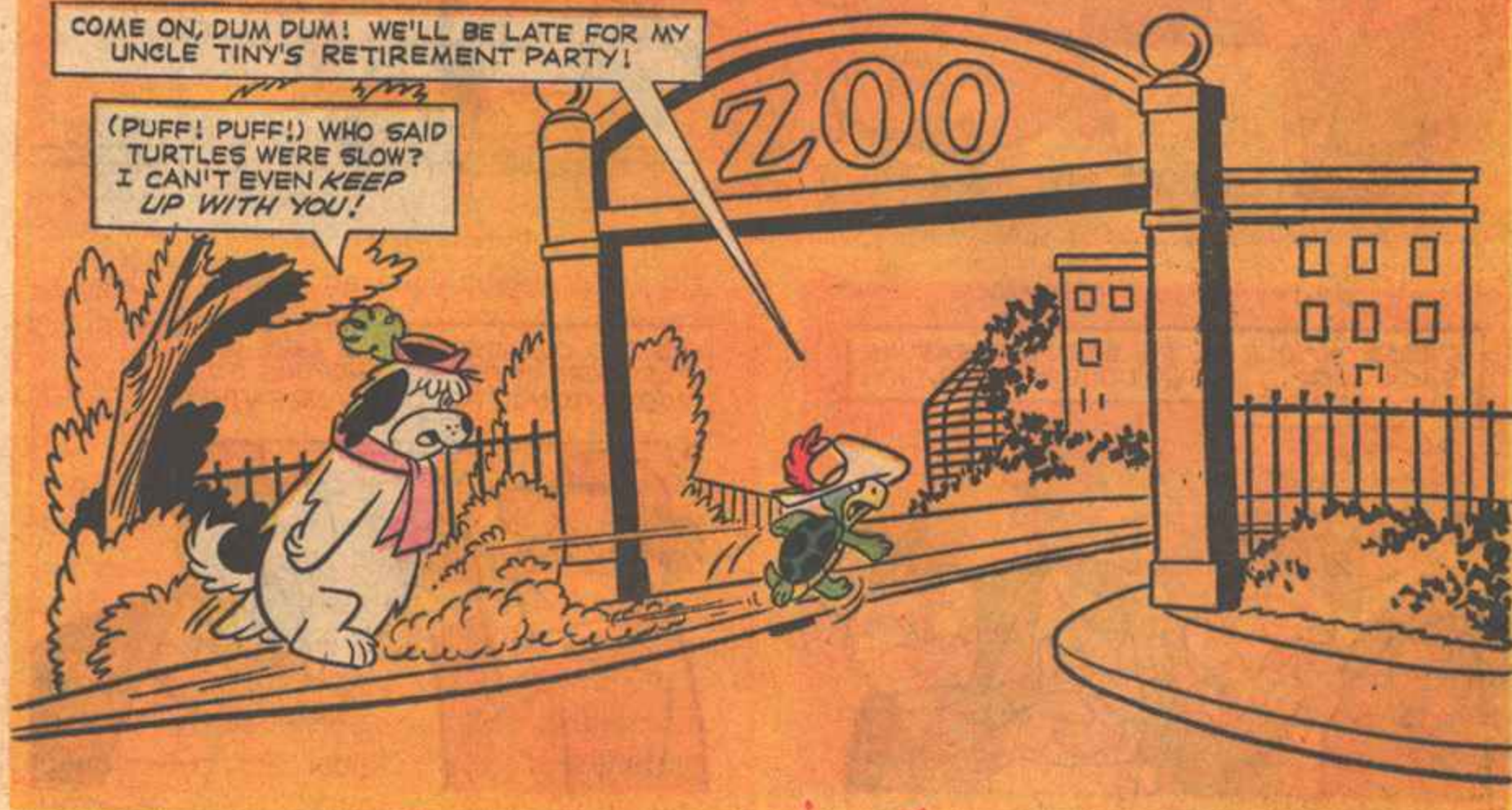
Quite obviously, sky diving is no longer exclusively “for the birds.”

Hanna-Barbera
Touché Turtle

NOT THE RETIRING TYPE

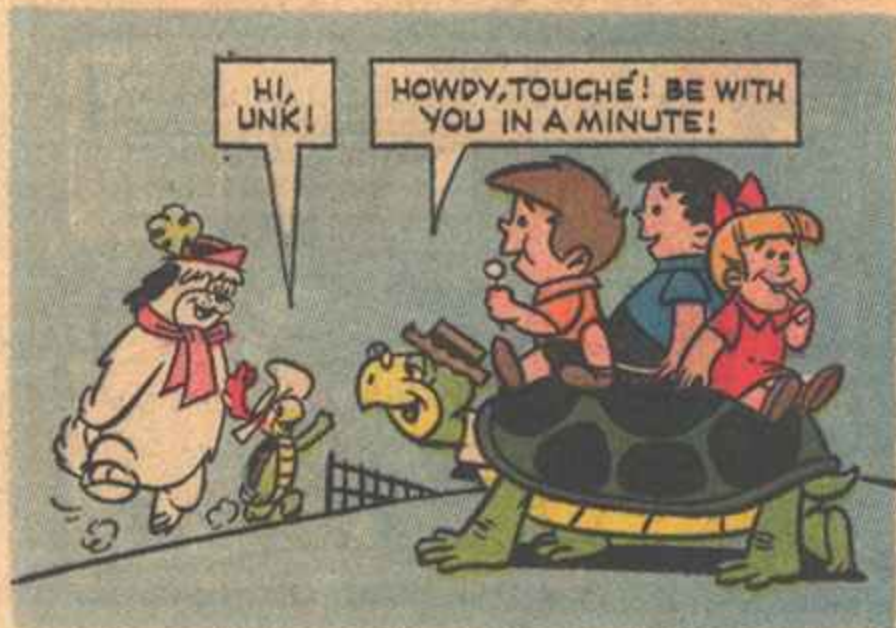
COME ON, DUM DUM! WE'LL BE LATE FOR MY UNCLE TINY'S RETIREMENT PARTY!

(PUFF! PUFF!) WHO SAID
TURTLES WERE SLOW?
I CAN'T EVEN KEEP
UP WITH YOU!



HI,
UNK!

HOWDY, TOUCHE! BE WITH
YOU IN A MINUTE!



WELL, SO LONG, KIDS!
THAT'S THE LAST RIDE
I'LL GIVE AROUND
HERE!

'BYE,
TINY!
WE'LL
MISS
YOU!



HOW DOES IT FEEL
TO RETIRE, UNK?

WONDERFUL! I LOVED
MY WORK HERE WITH
THE KIDS, BUT IT'S
GOING TO FEEL GOOD
TO BASK IN THE SUN
ALL DAY!



BESIDES, ONE HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-FIVE IS THE OFFICIAL
RETIREMENT AGE FOR US
TURTLES! I'LL STOP AT THE
OFFICE AND SAY GOOD-BY!

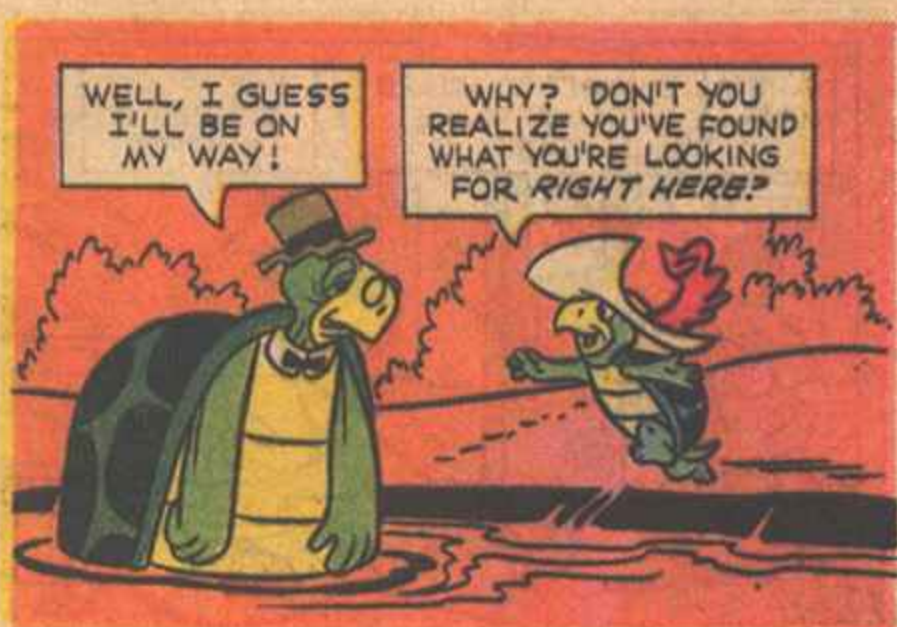
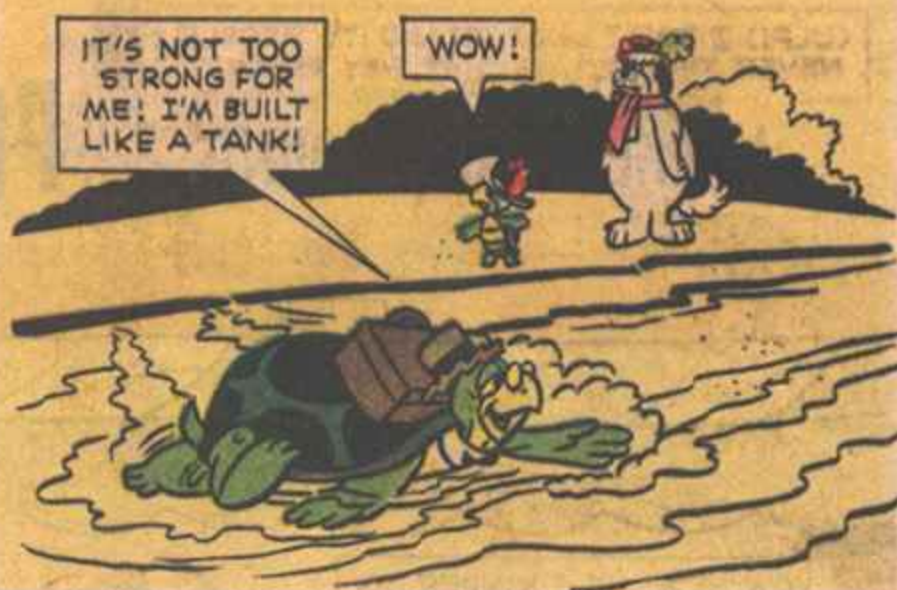
HEH-HEH!
HE'S IN
FOR A
SURPRISE!

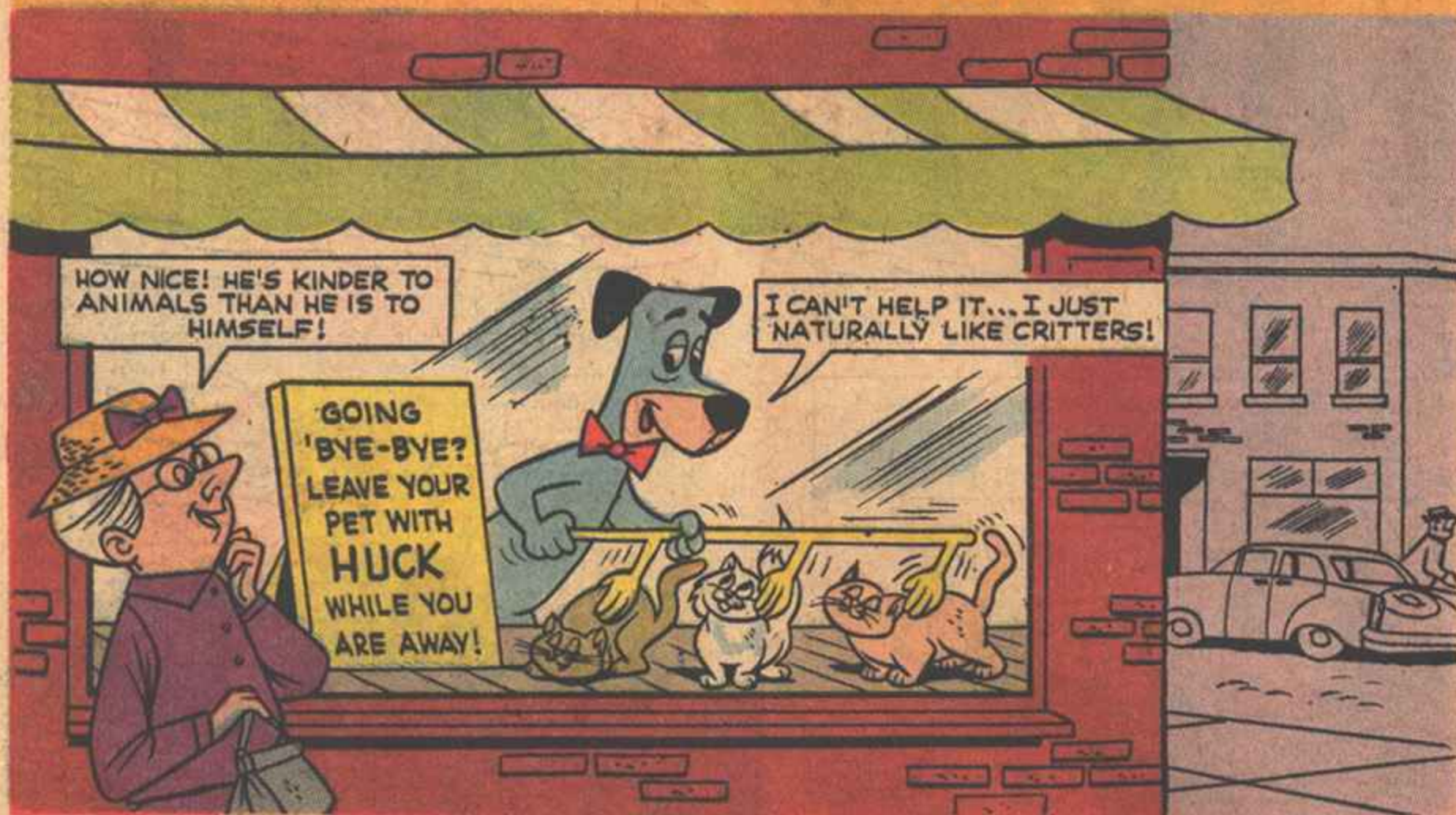






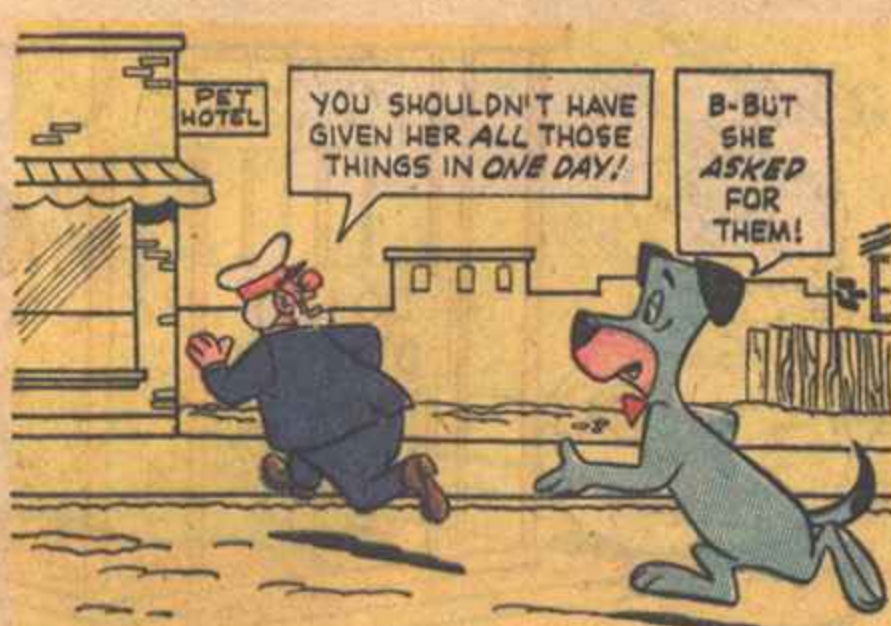
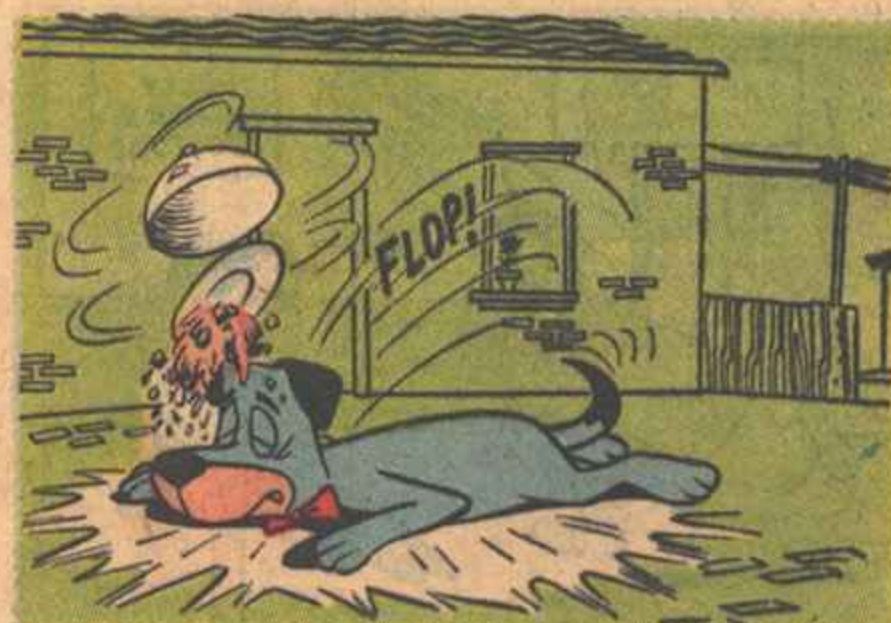










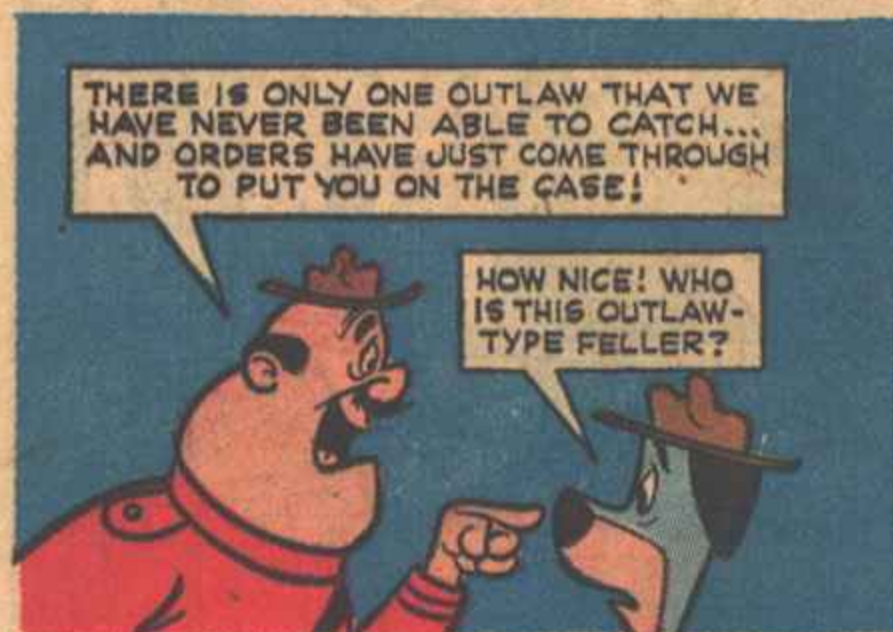
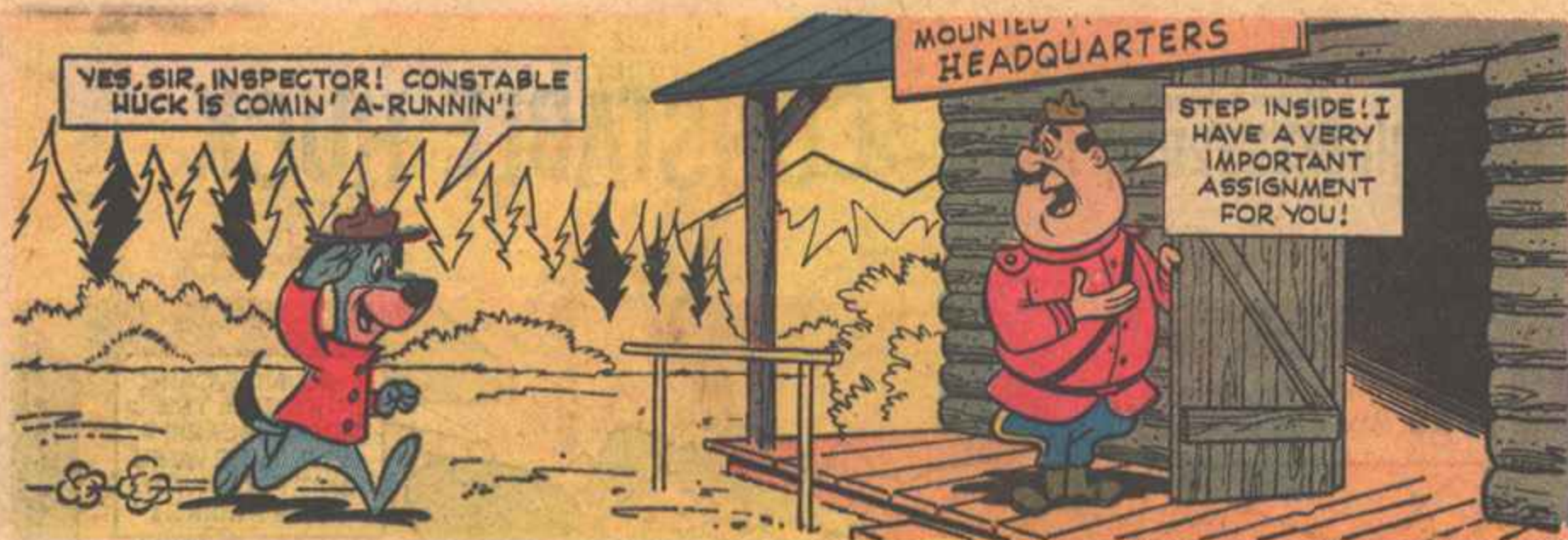


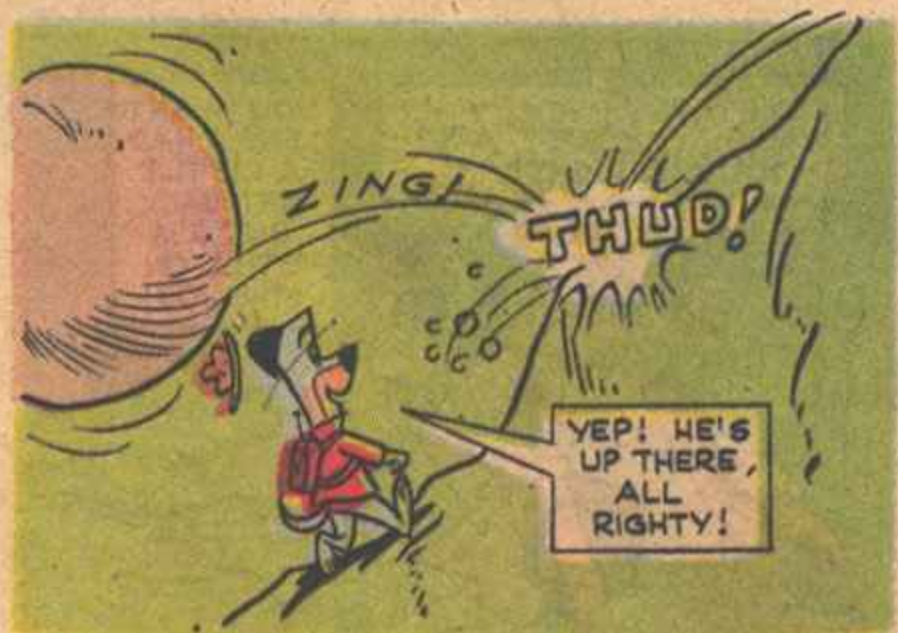


Hanna-Barbera
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

CONSTABLE HUCK

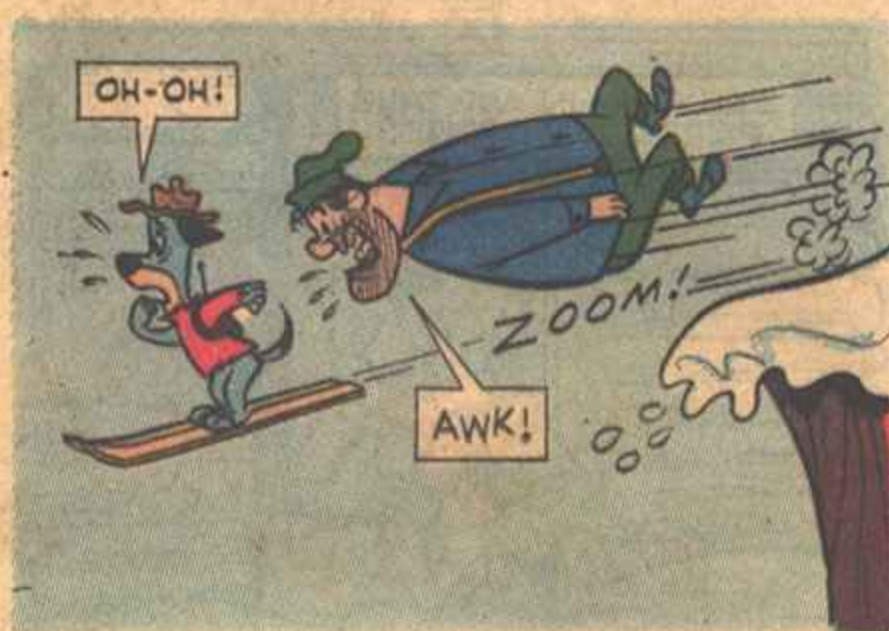








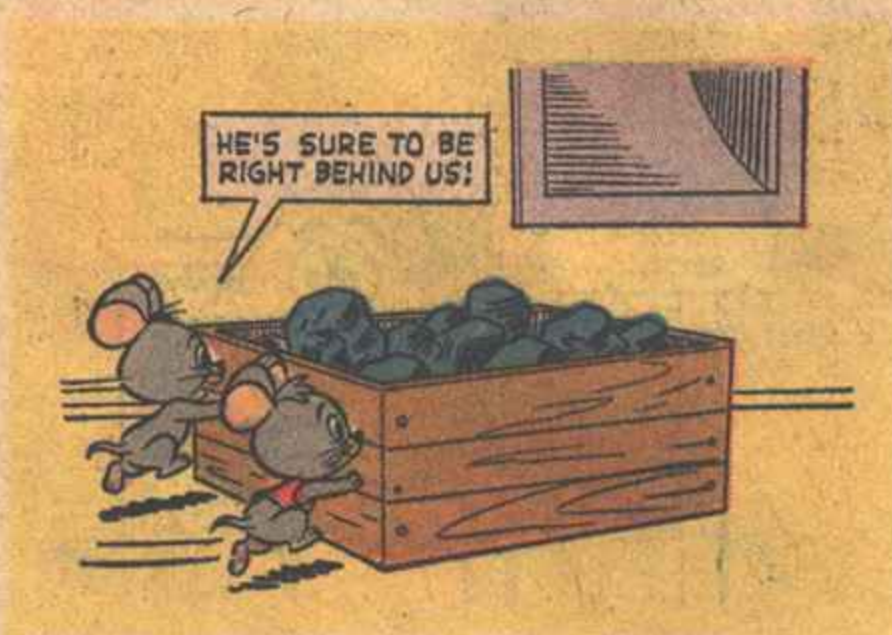
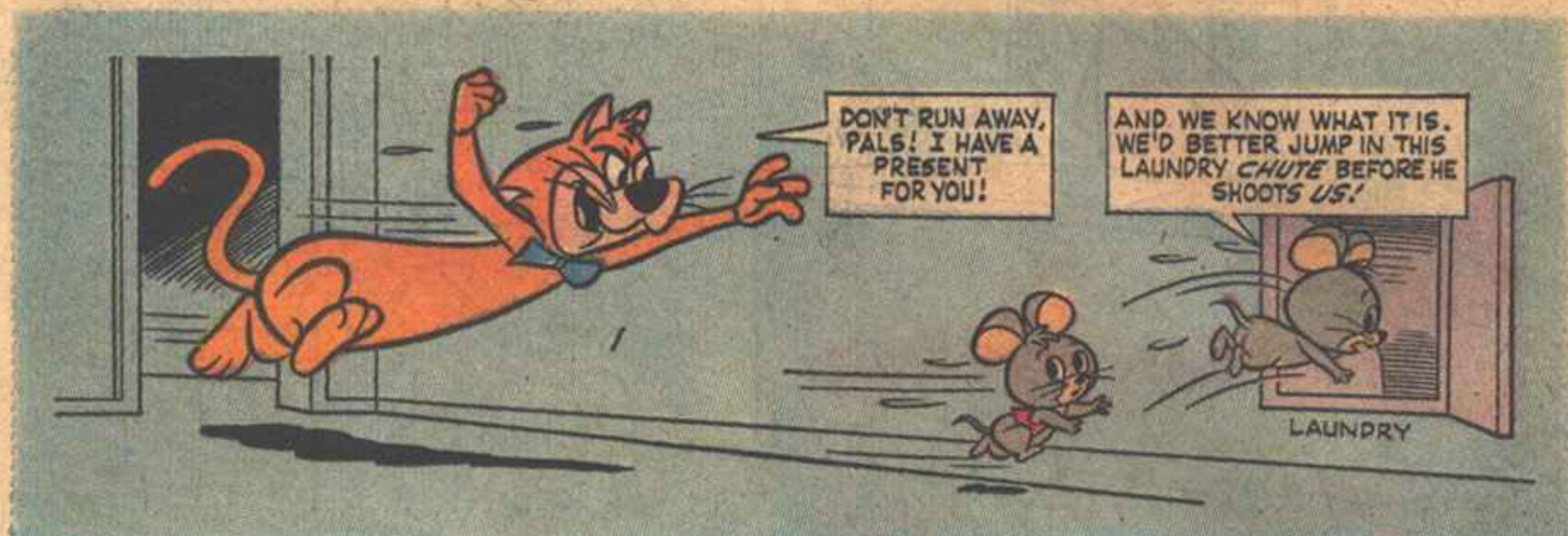


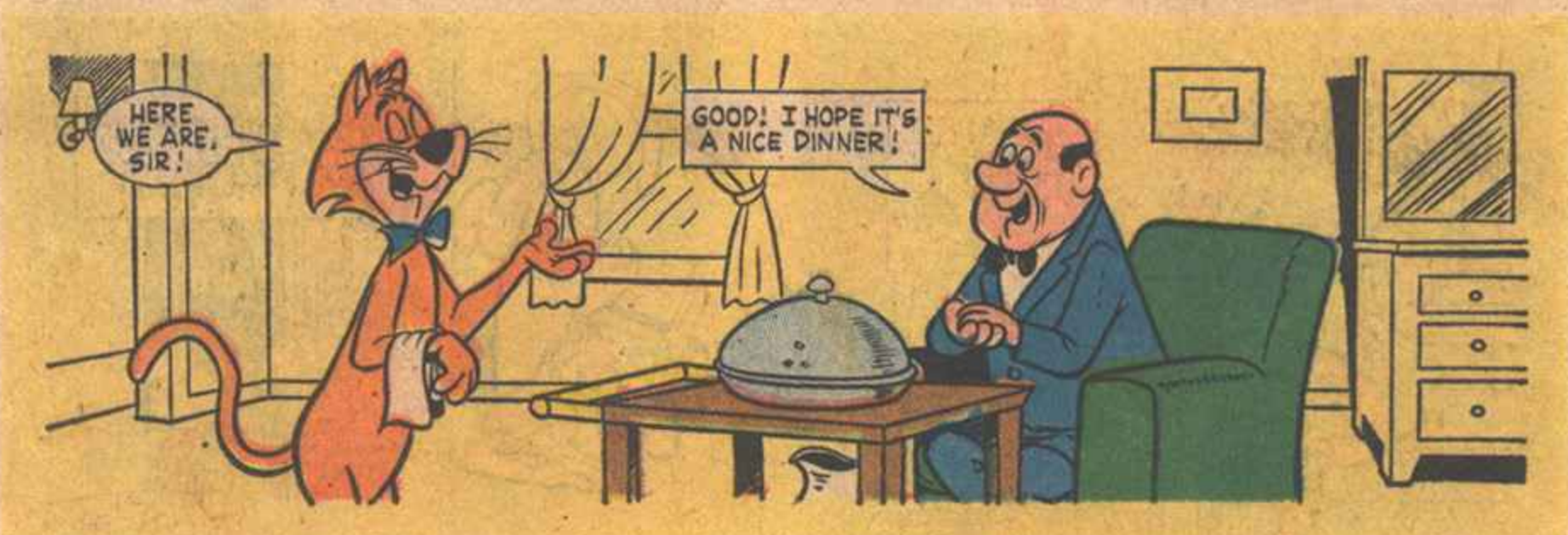


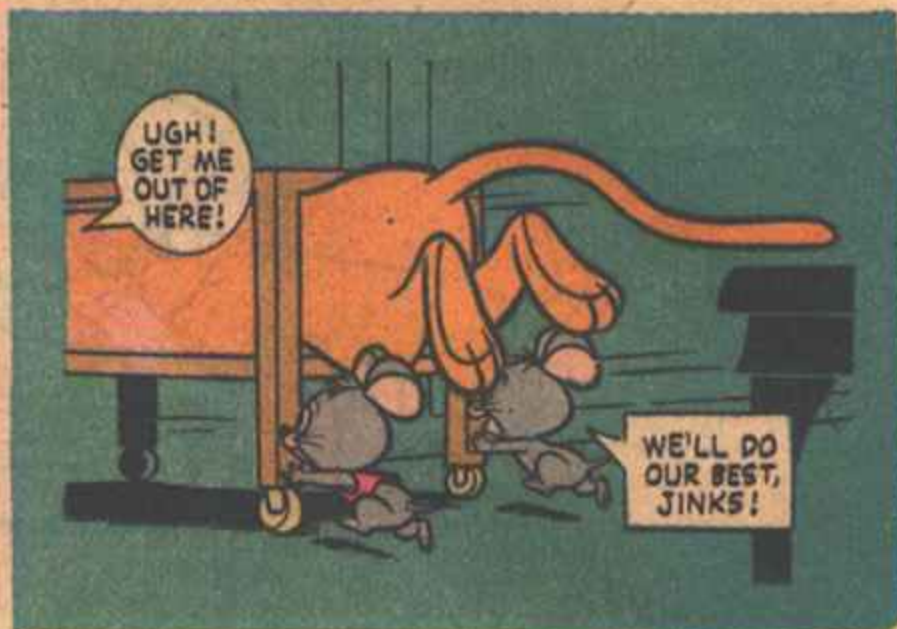
Hanna-Barbera
PIXIE, DIXIE and Mr. JINKS

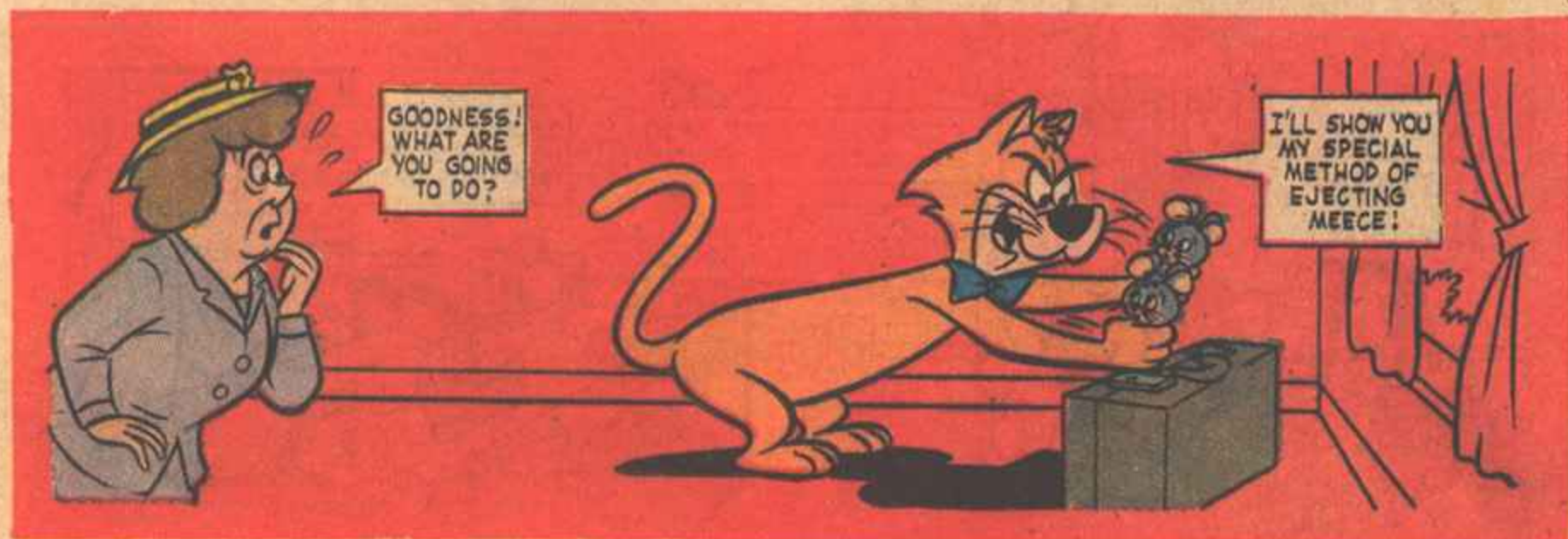
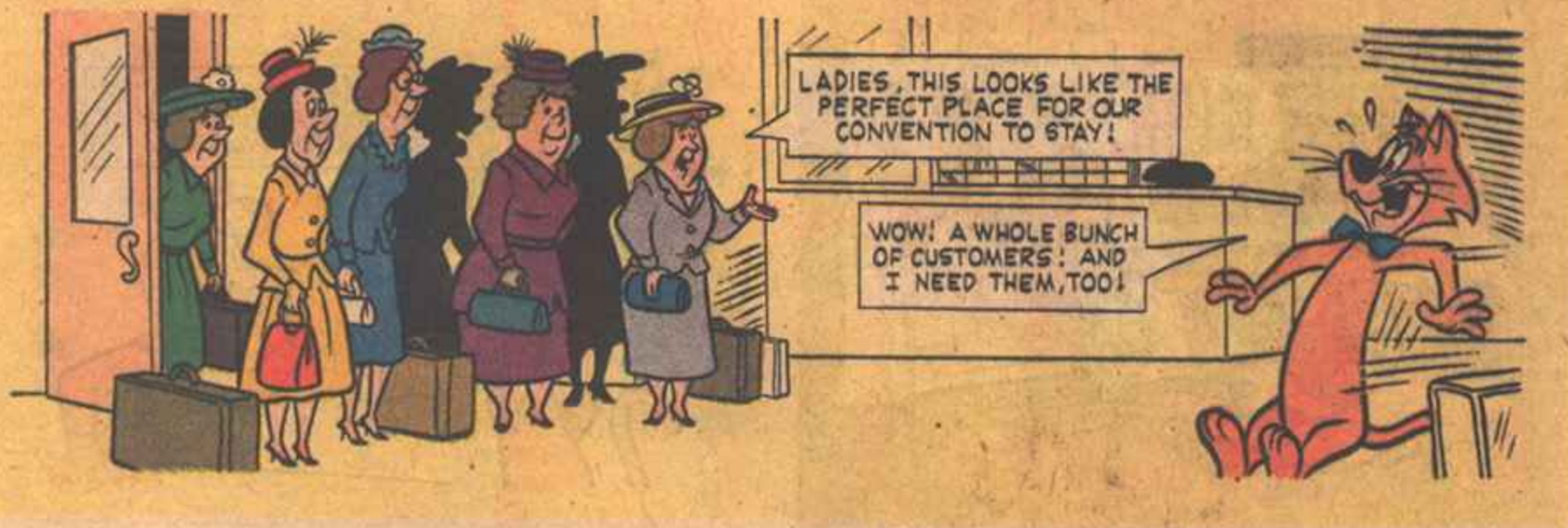
HOTEL HASSLE

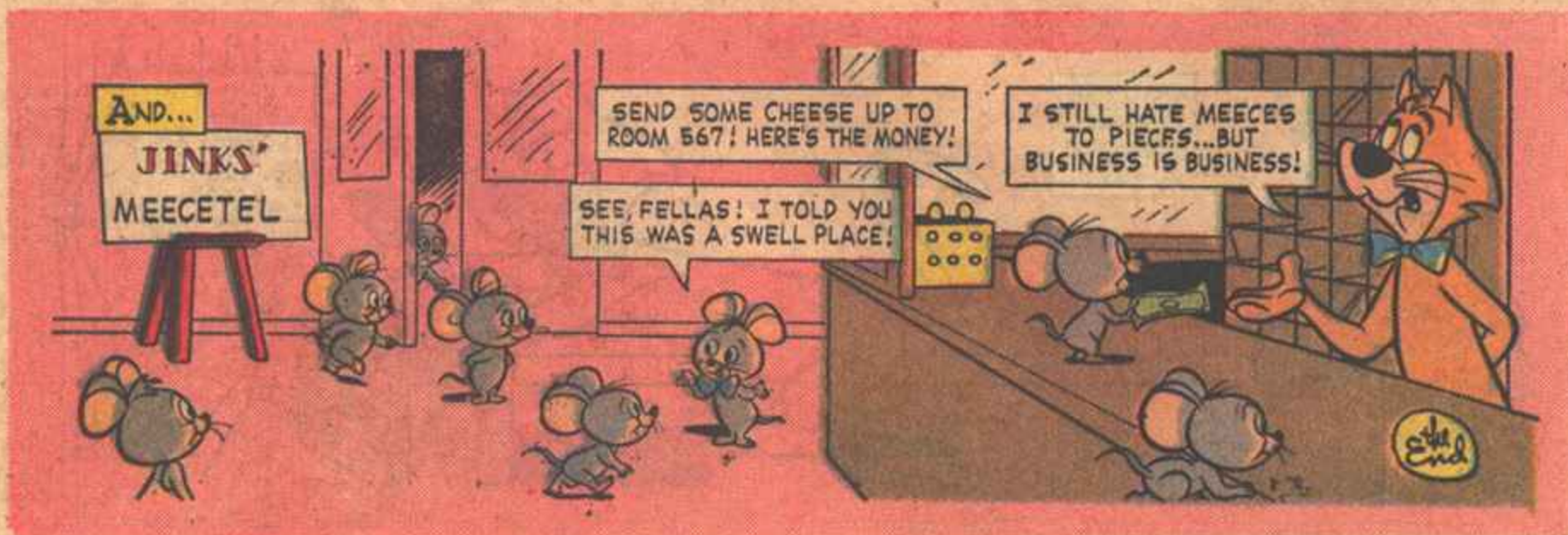
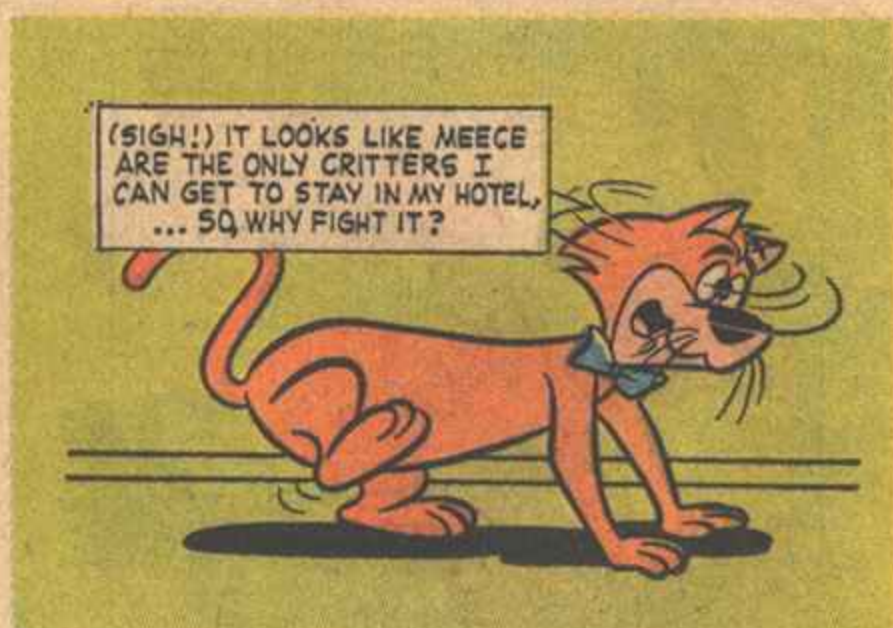






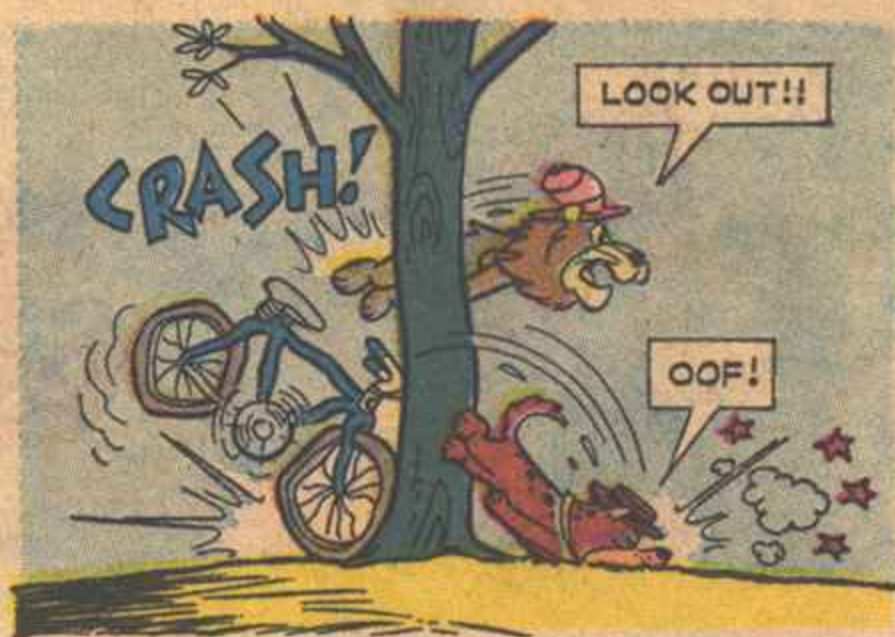
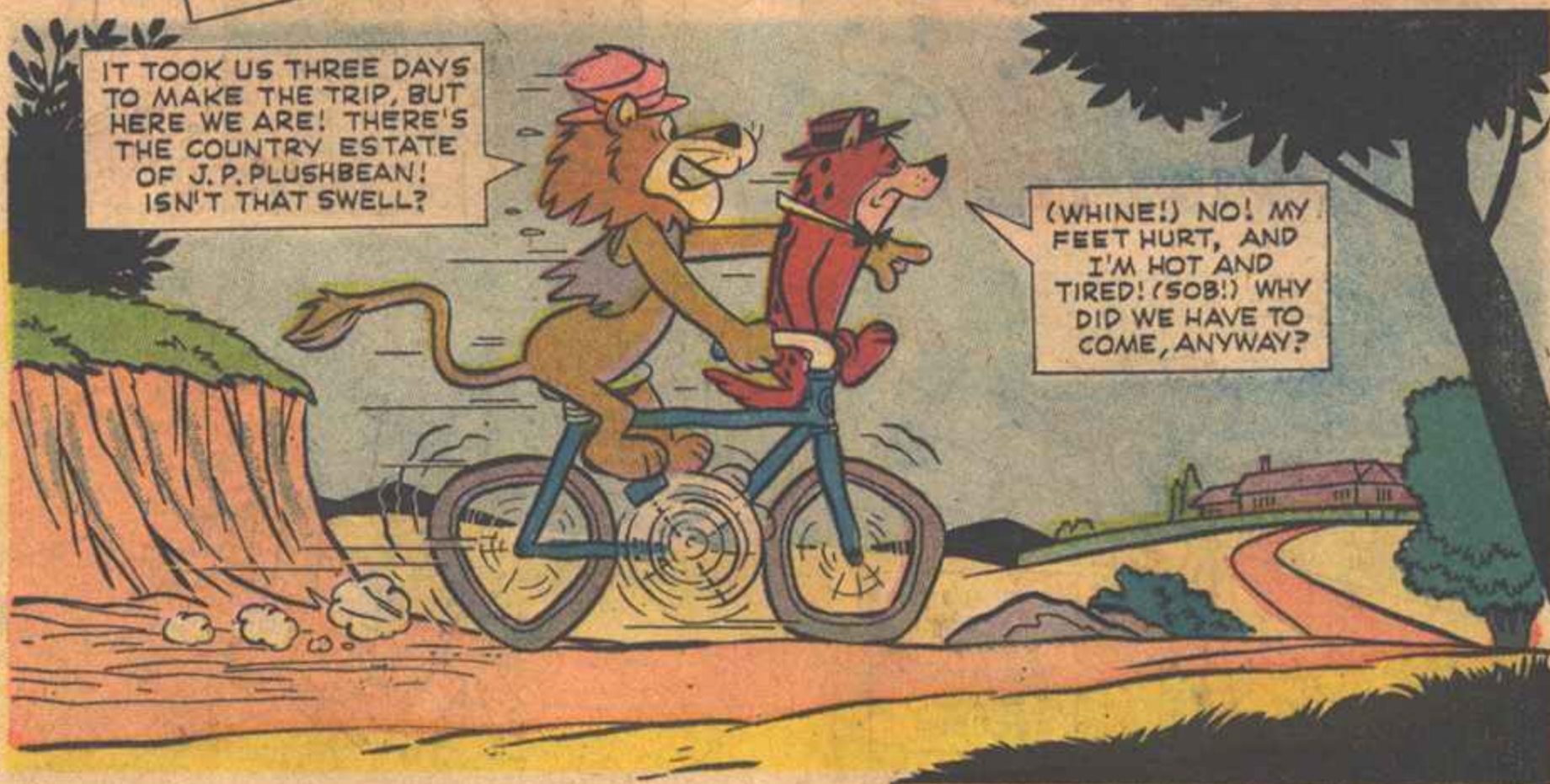






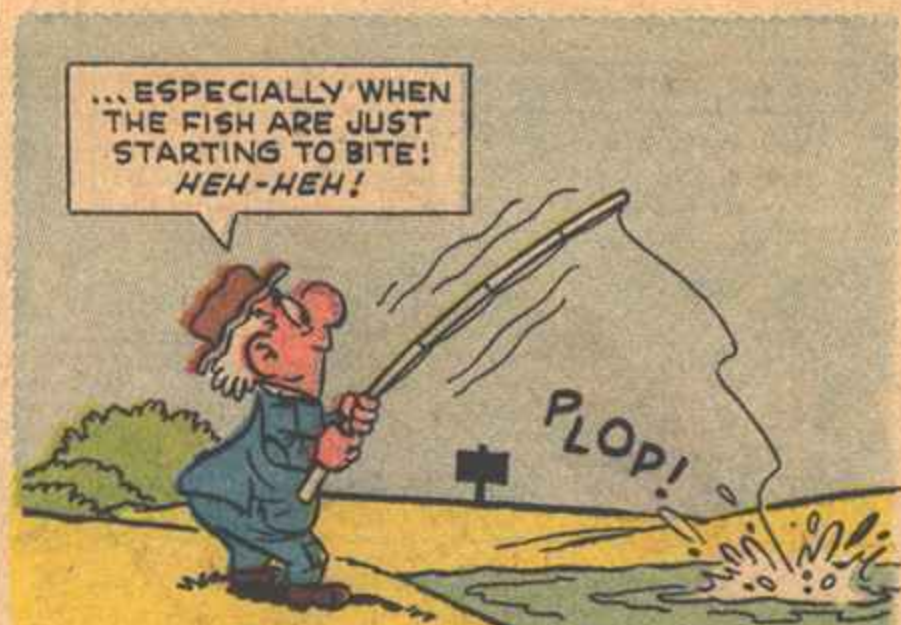
Hanna-Barbera
Lippy Lion
and Hardy
Har Har

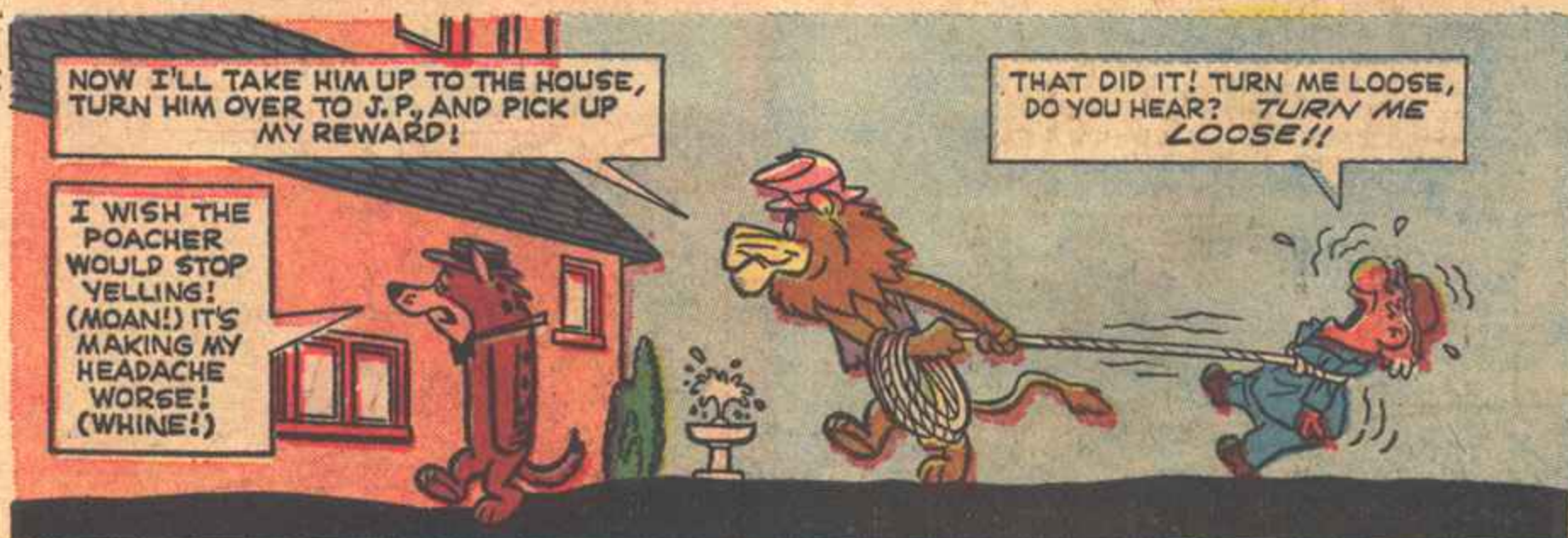
THE FAVOR THAT WASN'T







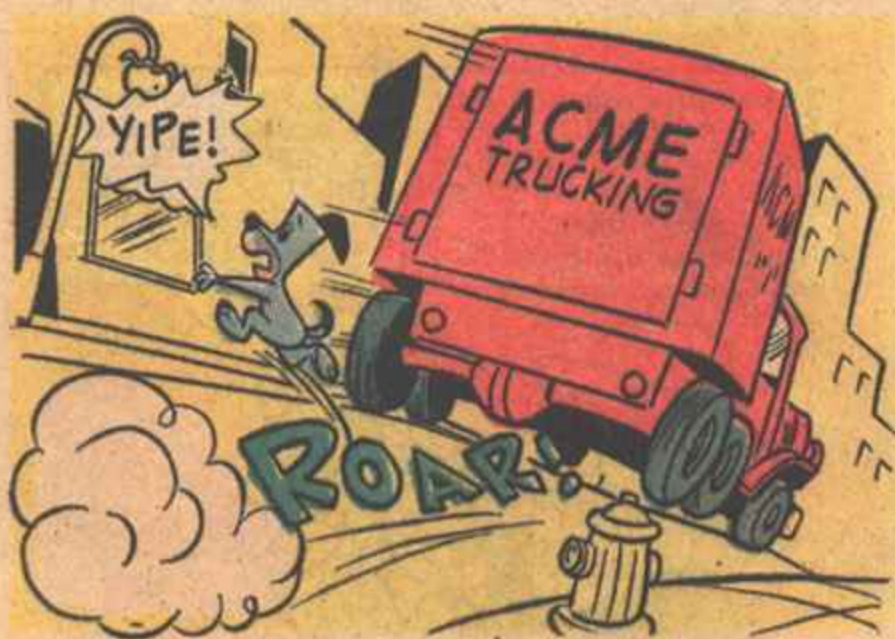


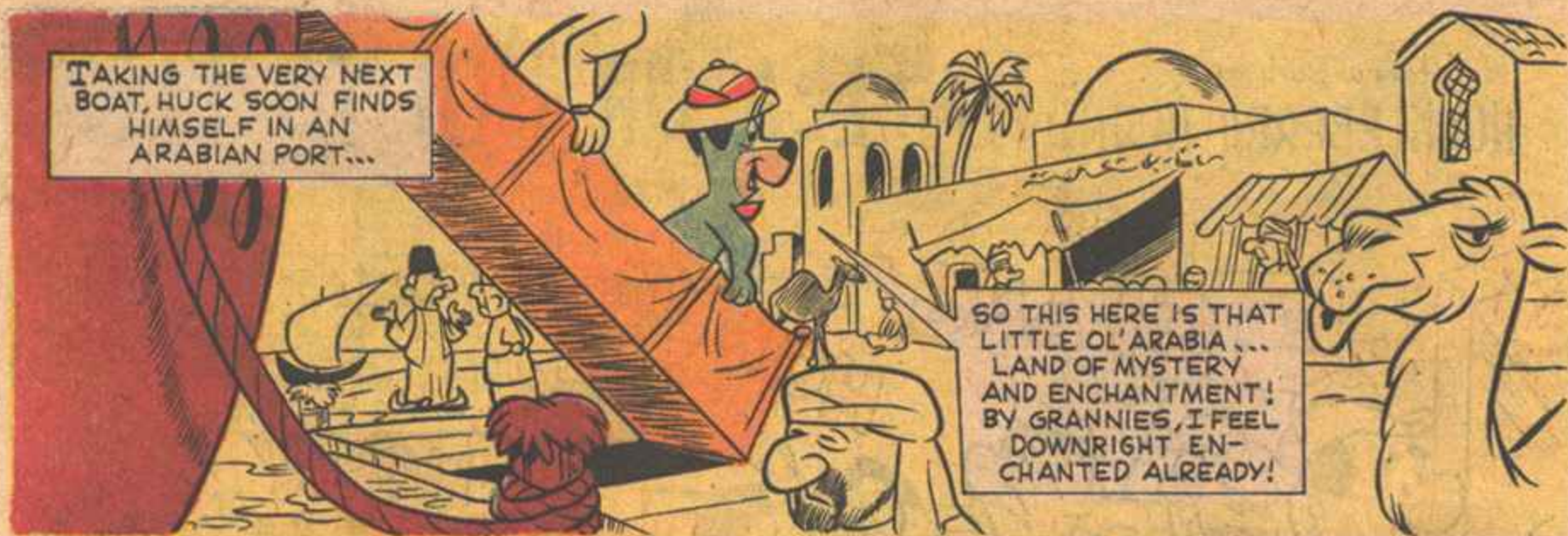


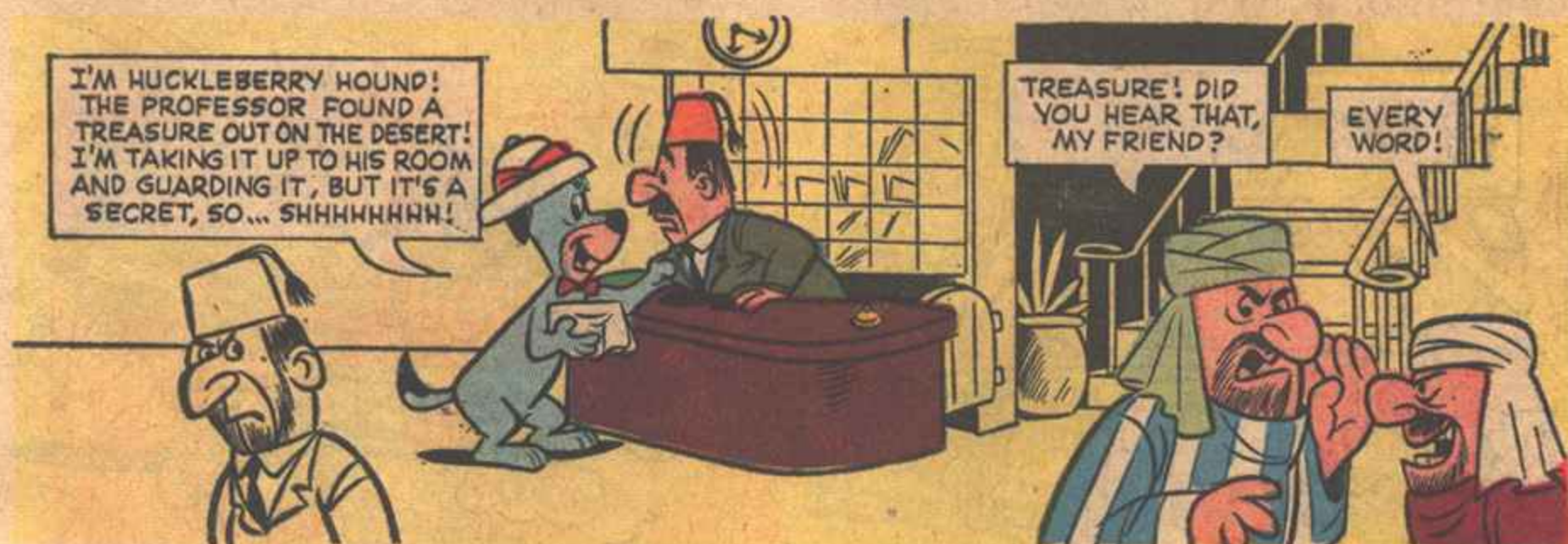


Hanna-Barbera
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

TO FLEA OR NOT TO FLEA













Pixie and Dixie

